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The Week-end Review

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Kennedy's Moment of Choice

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S prompt and discreet offer of help to General de Gaulle may conceivably have been decisive in stamping out the spark of civil war in France. But the passing of France's moment of peril reminds us that, at another flash-point of danger, the fire is still smouldering. In the Caribbean, Mr Kennedy's role will necessarily be decisive; and here his decisions will be vital not merely to the future of his administration, but also to world peace.

Last week Mr Kennedy shocked most of the world, and above all his radical supporters outside the US. No doubt he was subjected to pressures both from public opinion and from inside the government machine which are difficult to appreciate in Britain. No doubt he was grossly misled by the CIA's wrong appreciation. But in whatever way last week's decisions may be explained (though not excused), policy this week is being made in the fullest knowledge of what is at stake. Today there can be no illusions about Cuba. Castro today is stronger and more Communist-orientated than he was ten days ago.

What is Mr Kennedy to do next? He can accept his failure and set to work by more legitimate means to cope with what he and almost all his countrymen consider is a Communist threat to subvert and ultimately dominate Latin America. Or he can once again resort to force – this time ensuring success by sending in US troops to smash Castro and set up a puppet régime.

The dangers of this course, despite its purely military attractions, are so obvious that, rationally, it should be inconceivable. Even if Soviet reaction stopped short of direct military intervention (as may reasonably be assumed), it would certainly include increased, and perhaps intolerable, pressure at such sensitive points as Laos, Formosa, the Middle East and Africa; it would mean an effective end to the chance of normal relations between Russia and the US, to the hope of any progress on disarmament and, possibly, to the United Nations itself. And a full-scale American invasion of Cuba would turn world opinion against the US as the Russian invasion of Hungary turned it against the USSR. In particular it would so alienate and disillusion the people of Latin America that the diplomatic defeat sustained last week would seem trivial by comparison.

For all these reasons, only a 'clear and present danger' to the security of the US – a phrase ominously repeated in the last few days – could justify action which would make a mockery of the UN and destroy President Kennedy's claim to moral leadership just as certainly as Suez destroyed Sir Anthony Eden.

But while the American press, which has whipped itself into a state of hysteria about the Castro régime, may believe that this danger exists, such propaganda is not proof. Mr Kennedy's determination to prevent Cuba becoming a Soviet military base is legitimate; his belief that it is already a centre for Communist subversion is perhaps understandable – although, as Kingsley Martin shows on another page, a wild over-simplification. But the former is not yet a fact, and the latter is in any case better dealt with by an intelligent and long-term policy of aid to Latin American democracy and economic reform than by a war which would convince America's neighbours that it is Standard Oil, United Fruit and the sugar interests – not a genuine desire for social progress – which dominate policy-making in Washington.

Mr Kennedy's choice is made more difficult by the pressures he has placed on Castro. If Castro now resorts to terror in defence of his revolution, he has plenty of historical precedent for it – as well, he may feel, as urgent practical need. Yet Castro must understand that his only chance of survival lies in moderation. A policy of terror inside Cuba and provocative defiance towards the US would not only provide Mr Kennedy with a plausible pretext for intervention; it would inflame US opinion to the point where the President might be unable to implement a statesmanlike decision even if he wished to take it.

Comments on the Week's News

New York

An All-American Triumph

ROBERT BENDINER *writes:* Still bearing a charmed life, President Kennedy has come through the first fiasco of his Administration politically unscathed. In fact, judging from the press, from Congressional reactions, and from the almost complete absence of public criticism, one would have to conclude that nothing he has done so far has won the degree of support that has come his way since the aborted invasion of Cuba. Moral judgments on the matter are one thing, but to believe that American intervention has touched off a wave of disaffection here is as unfounded as the CIA's notion that a handful of anti-Castro rebels, landing on a beach, would touch off a popular revolution.

What appeared to save Kennedy, in fact, from the consequences normally to be expected from such a failure was his ingrained conviction that in a tight spot the best defence is to step up the attack. His speech after the rout of the rebels was the most spirited notice yet served that Washington would act to bar Communist penetration of the Americas even if it had to do the job by itself, that he was 'determined upon our system's survival and success, regardless of the cost and regardless of the peril'. Congratulatory telegrams from people in all walks of life poured in on the White House at the rate of 150 an hour. The reaction was not only emphatic but very nearly unanimous, as if a country grown tired of frustration enjoyed at least a bit of punchy rhetoric.

Newspapers of the right were naturally pleased, some in ways that could hardly bring pleasure to the President's Brains Trust. He had launched 'a new American policy,' rejoiced the *Los Angeles Times*, 'whose implementation is not conditional on the reaction of world "public opinion" or polls of friendly foreign governments.' The *New York Mirror* breathed relief: 'At long last. The United States will not tolerate a Communist nation in the western hemisphere . . . President Kennedy's closing words . . . were the most challenging we have heard in many years.'

What was less to be expected, the liberal press joined in the chorus of praise, especially for the speech, though some of the comment was devoted to berating the CIA for the staggering ineptness of its performance. European liberals who see the Cuban affair as this decade's Spanish War, separating the sheep of the left from the goats of the right, are referred to a typical issue of the *New York Post*, whose feature section is probably the most concentrated liberal dosage in American journalism. Doris Fleeson, among the best of the Washington press corps, was ecstatic: 'It was a brave and prescient speech, ranking with the deathless phrases of Winston Churchill . . .'

Max Lerner, who thought the invasion attempt ill-timed – it would have been better if Kennedy had been able first to carry out some of his inter-American aid programme – nevertheless concluded: 'There is no suicide imperative which comes built-in with the process of democracy.' After total inertia, we were at last getting leadership 'willing to make the decisions which carry the risks of being wrong.' And the newspaper's editorial writer got none of the feeling that Kennedy's was a truculent pronouncement. On the contrary, 'to those in his audience who have been clamouring for massive military adventure to salvage the rebel cause, the President offered some rhetorical delight but no substantive concessions; he was plainly not buying such madness'. What he was offering was a call for 'a sweeping reappraisal of US foreign policy, with infinitely larger emphasis on the weapons of political warfare rather than the gadgetry of military muscle'.

If this interpretation proves to be right, there is hope that Kennedy may yet save the day for 'Fidel's revolution without Fidel,' without US Marines, and without Communists. It is certainly true that he has favoured a coalition of the Cuban centre and left groups in exile rather than one of the centre and right, which the Eisenhower administration had encouraged. The two Batista-controlled weeklies in Miami are now almost as sour on Kennedy as on Castro. But there will have to be much more evidence than this that the US intends to seize the initiative from the Communists in Latin America in the only meaningful way there is, which is to say, by beating them to sponsorship of social revolutions still to come.

Laos

Was it all Necessary?

DOROTHY WOODMAN *writes*: The first task of the International Control Commission, which assembles this week-end, will be to verify and make effective the cease-fire in Laos. Prince Boum Oum immediately accepted the appeal put forward by the co-chairmen, Britain and the Soviet Union. His troops had just suffered their greatest defeat, at Van Vieng, showing once again that no amount of American dollars, arms and advisers can create morale. The Pathet Lao, now in this strategic point on the road to Vientiane, are in a strong bargaining position. But the Soviet government, which claims to have ceased arms deliveries to them last week, has given an assurance that it will do its best to secure a cease-fire.

It therefore seems reasonably certain that on 12 May representatives of the states which were at the Geneva Conference in 1954 will reassemble, together with those of Burma and Cambodia, both of them neighbours of Laos. Prince Sihanouk, who put forward the idea months ago, will open the conference. All the powers concerned have committed themselves to the idea of a neutral Laos. From Warsaw, Moscow and Peking communiqués, signed jointly with Prince Souvanna Phouma (Dean Rusk was too busy to see him in Washington), have stressed the policy of neutrality. The Prince, who continues to affirm that the civil war has grown out of the interference in the affairs of Laos by some Seato countries, is recognised as representing the legal government by all the Geneva powers except Britain, France and the US. This might create difficulties; but Prince Boum Oum has now said that he is willing to have political talks with both Souvanna Phouma and Souphanouvong, the Pathet Lao leader. If such talks take place, Souvanna Phouma might lead the Laotian delegation to Geneva as Prime Minister of a representative government. Was this war really necessary?

South Africa

Twelve Months Standstill

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: In this week's Commons debate on South Africa, Mr Sandys revealed that, as a result of South Africa's leaving the Commonwealth and becoming a republic, a whole lot of laws, ranging from the Colonial Probates Act of 1892 to the Companies Act of 1958, would be affected. It is reasonable, therefore, for the government to provide a standstill until the complicated negotiations and drafting which are necessary can be completed. The opposition is rightly insisting that new agreements shall neither obscure nor minimise the effect of South Africa's loss of Commonwealth membership. Mr Sandys himself has admitted that this would be to devalue membership of the Commonwealth and has been stoutly supported against his own right wing by Mr Ted Leather, a Canadian Tory. But the test of the government's purpose will come when it negotiates new agreements on trade, defence and citizenship. Some of these are not directly involved in South African withdrawal from the Commonwealth, but arise rather from the new opportunity presented to the British government to influence South African racial policy. While trade agreements are negotiated for mutual advantage, irrespective of politics, it would surely be wrong in the present circumstances to re-apply the Commonwealth preferences.

Equally, so long as South Africa is enabled to buy arms in this country, Britain is giving active support to the *apartheid* policy which the arms are used to defend. Nor should South African nationals be given the rights of free entry and employment extended by this country to Commonwealth citizens, though there may be a case for allowing them to opt for British citizenship: those who wish to do

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so are almost certainly the opponents of *apartheid*. During the next few months many complicated negotiations will have to be conducted; and the pretensions of British ministers will be judged by how these affect the maintenance of *apartheid*.

Bristol

Mr Benn's Summer School

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes:* 'Benn? I don't want Wedgwood Benn, Ben Tillett, Ben Gurion or Abu Ben Adem. You can keep the lot', said the elderly taxi driver who drove me from Temple Meads station. 'These chaps promise you anything at election times; but all they do when they get in is push you around'.

'But aren't they trying to push Benn around now, forcing him to go to the Lords?'

'Oh, that's different. You can't muck about with the Constitution'.

This taxi driver was a traditionalist and a Tory. But I met some Labour voters who were traditionalist, too. When I asked a 70-year-old woman what she thought of sons automatically succeeding fathers in the Lords, she shook her head gravely and said: 'Its been going on a long time. It'll still be going on long after I'm dead. It's no use kicking against it. Mind you, I shall vote Labour all right. Always have done'.

Traditionalists of another kind have also been shaking their heads over Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn's campaign in Bristol South-East. Some members of the Parliamentary Labour Party have been disconcerted to read that a Tory MP, Lord Lambton, had spoken from a Labour platform, that another, Mr Gerald Nabarro, had sent a message of support, that two Liberals, Mr Jo Grimond and Mr Jeremy Thorpe were due down at any minute. This is not Labour's traditional way of fighting by-elections, and Benn has been told that such innovations are unwelcome – though apparently no objection has been taken to Benn's use of a supporting message from Sir Winston Churchill – perhaps because the latter is acknowledged as a life-long anti-Tory. Whether or not Benn, on this, has given way to pressure I do not know; but his list of speakers for the remainder of his meetings is compiled from those who, at any rate loosely, are in the Labour fold.

I do not think the Labour hierarchy need have worried; for, apart from the Lords issue, Benn is conducting an extraordinary campaign of Socialist education which has put fresh heart and new thoughts into his local party. His speakers, the subjects they are dealing with and the way in which they are dealing with them sound more like a summer school than a by-election – Mr Anthony Crosland on the consumer and the Co-ops, Mr John Horner on the Future of the Trade Union Movement, Mr Christopher Mayhew on Crime and Mental Health, Mr Michael Foot on the Future of Parliament, Dr Donald Soper on Ethics and Politics; and the summer school atmosphere is heightened, not only by the rain, which is drizzling continuously on to Bristol's grey stone, but also by the informal seminars held in a hotel at which anyone who wants can meet and chat with visiting speakers after the night's meetings are over. These seminars had not caught on when I was there, but the summer school meetings had. The other night 100 or so people listened intently to a careful analysis of the defects of our present educational system. A fair number of these people were attending a political meeting for the first time. They had come, they said, because they hoped to hear something different from the usual clap-trap; and they did.

This part of the campaign is helping to make fresh Socialists; but it is, I think, the Lords issue which will bring out the fresh votes. I did not find that Bristol cared passionately, one way or another, about the House of Lords itself; but time after time I came across young people who cared passionately about the way Benn was being 'mucked about'. It's not just that they like him personally and think that he has been a good MP. Far more important is their sense of fellow feeling. Nearly everyone in his own life is pushed around by somebody, by the boss, by a shop steward, by the local council, by authority in general. By 'them'. Remembering their own grievances, they say: 'Why can't they leave Tony alone?'. It is this feeling, I think, which has brought Benn the support of a group of young architects, who had prepared a plan to solve Bristol's traffic problem, but got no reply when they asked the local council to discuss it. That turned the group so much against the dead hand of authority that they are now exhibiting their plan at every Benn meeting. The Labour party sprang from just this sense of revolt; and in Bristol the party is being revived by it. I do not think that the government's hasty revival of ideas for Lords reform, however satisfactory they may be to Lord Lambton, will diminish it in the slightest – though they bear witness to what a determined rebel can achieve.

A week before polling day, my guess is that Benn will increase his majority. He deserves to for, among other reasons, the vigour and originality of his campaign. His father who was the cause of all the trouble would have loved it.

Sierra Leone

Troubled Independence

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The celebrations of Sierra Leone's independence this week have been marred by the knowledge that most of the leading members of the opposition party are detained in gaol. Yet this fact should not be allowed to detract from the real achievement which independence marks. The handful of All-People's Congress members, led by the former minister, Siaka Stevens, have protested vigorously against independence being implemented before new elections are held. Yet, at the constitutional conference in London last year, they could muster only one vote for this line against 25. When they were seen to be organising a general strike, demonstrations, and perhaps sabotage, to coincide with the celebrations of independence, the government decided to detain them.

Up to a few years ago it was considered that Sierra Leone was one of the countries too small ever to become independent. It has a population of only just over two million and an annual *per capita* income of about £15. Moreover, its political development had traditionally been retarded by the division between the sophisticated Creoles of the coastal colony and the backward peoples of the hinterland protectorate. Yet Sir Milton Margai, its Prime Minister, has succeeded in largely uniting the two groups, first in his Sierra Leone People's Party, and later in a United National Front. The latter embraces all the main leaders of the country and their mass followers. With the opportunity to develop minerals – iron, bauxite, diamonds – and limitless scope for increasing productivity in agriculture, the new state has the chance to prove to itself that independence can bring better living standards. Its ability to attract its own most distinguished men to its service is already personified by Dr Davidson Nicol, a doctor-scientist with an international reputation who has put ambition behind to become Principal of Fourah Bay College. Sir Milton Margai may also be expected to re-assert his country's high reputation in African international politics, probably in alliance with his conservative Nigerian friends rather than with neighbouring Guinea. But before all this, the world is waiting to see how quickly the opponents of the government are either released or brought to open trial.

NEXT WEEK

Children's Books

A spring supplement

Christiansen Reviewed

RICHARD HOGGART

Tagore the Painter

Rome

The Airport Scandal

Our Rome Correspondent writes: Rome's new international airport, the Leonardo da Vinci at Fiumicino, is becoming a political scandal of some importance. When the pro-government newspaper *Messaggero* announced in large headlines that the airport would soon be closed for repairs, after only three months of life, the editor was sent for by Signor Fanfani. The prime minister is said to have protested that a Christian Democrat newspaper should provide the opposition with such ammunition.

It seems that in the near future most of Rome's air traffic will have to revert to Ciampino – which most of the foreign airlines were reluctant to leave anyway because they were unhappy about the new airport. A parliamentary commission of enquiry has now been set up to investigate the numerous defects of Fiumicino. Many of these were widely canvassed by the press before the opening of the airport, but this did not deter the authorities, who seemed determined that the airport should be a success at all costs. So far it has only been an aesthetic success, attracting thousands of visitors to its magnificent terraces. Its main defect is that it has been built at a point of the Tyrrhenian coast which is fundamentally swamp, and on the one patch of land that is subject to night fog.

The Left will make the most of the scandal. One of the chief accusations against the Christian Democrat administration is that political power has been used for land speculation. The Fiumicino scandal would appear to fit into this pattern. The land was originally bought by the government, at 15 times its use value, from the Duchess Maria Sforza Cesarini Torlonia. At the time, in 1951, Senator Terracini stated: 'If that land had not been sold for the airport it would have fallen under the land expropriation act and the Duchess would have had to sell it for an infinitely lower price. She wanted to prevent the land from falling into the hands of the peasants.'

Peking

Making History

A Student of the Chinese Press writes: The Chinese press, especially in Peking, has recently publicised conferences of historians who are reformulating Chinese history while celebrating such revolutionary landmarks as the anniversaries of the Taiping uprising in 1851, the Paris Commune of 1871, the 1911 revolution and the founding of the Chinese Communist Party.

The *Li-shih Yen-chiu* (Historical Studies) published an article of more than 6,000 words entitled 'The Thought of Mao Tse-tung opens the way for the development of China's science of history'. Teng T'o, the author, explains the fundamentals of historiography: 'Empty and abstract doctrinairism must be opposed, the universal truth of Marxism-Leninism must be integrated with the concrete practice in China, and Marxism-Leninism must be Sinified'. He realises that 'serious study is only just beginning', and reassures his readers: 'But as long as we take the thought of Mao Tse-tung as our guide and strive to seize China's historical features, it will not be difficult to solve the various problems of Chinese history in a satisfactory manner.'

Historians are urged to destroy the 'absurd "Europe-is-the-centre" theory, current in modern bourgeois science of history' which is 'a reflex of the imperialist policy of the western bourgeoisie to conquer the world. Its essence is colonialism . . . But the situation has greatly changed . . . The unprecedented rise of the revolutionary tide in Asia, Africa and Latin America suffices to prove the inevitable collapse of the Europe-is-the-centre theory. To break down this theory remains a heavy fighting task in the domain of the science of history. In this respect, we must be ready to fight several rounds'.

The Peking *Jen-min Jih-pao* describes a discussion in Liaoning University on the problem of dividing contemporary world history. One group, considering this as the 'logical continuation of its modern history', was divided between those who made 1917-1939 the first period of contemporary history, with 1939-1960 as the second, and those who made the two stages 1917-1945 and 1945-1960. A second group held that contemporary history should be divided according to 'the establishment, growth and development of the Socialist system.' A third group, described as 'eclectic in character' held that 'the end of the Second World War and the expansion of Socialism beyond the borders of a country (1945) should form the basis for dividing contemporary world history into two periods'.

The Chinese press has devoted a great deal of space to Volume IV of the *Selected Works* of Mao Tse-tung, which the Canton *Nan-Fan Jih-pao* describes as 'a victory for the thought of Marxist-Leninism.' This volume deals with the pre-liberation period which the same paper calls one of 'extremely complicated and important revolution. After victory in the anti-Japanese war, a struggle still existed between two destinies and two futures – the China led by the big bourgeoisie and Chiang Kai-shek and the China of the masses and Mao Tse-tung'.

'Our experience boils down to one point', Mao explains in his latest volume of China's political bible, 'namely, the people's democratic dictatorship led by the working class (through the Communist Party) and based on the worker-peasant alliance. This dictatorship must unite with the international revolution.' *Hung-ch'i* (Red Flag), in an article commemorating the Paris Commune, explained: 'That bourgeois dictatorship must be replaced by proletarian dictatorship is the most fundamental experience of the Paris Commune and the basic idea of the Marxist-Leninist theory of the state.' *Hung-ch'i* bitterly condemned the modern revisionists of Yugoslavia 'who are today the enemies of the international Communist movement' and making 'particularly great efforts to distort and oppose' this theory.

This analysis of Chinese history inevitably means the glorification of the worker. 'Resolutely turn intellectuals into labourers', the party secretary of the Peking Institute wrote in *Chung-kuo Ch'ing-nien* (China Youth). The paper also published a long report by its correspondents titled 'A firm step forward in the transformation of intellectuals into labourers', which concluded: 'Intellectual youth should make up its mind to forge ahead towards transformation into labourers, who are politically red, professionally efficient and useful to the people'.

The Fall of Algiers

PAUL JOHNSON

Why was the generals' revolt allowed to happen? Why did it fail? And does its failure mean the end of the threat to French democracy? If we can answer these three questions, we shall know a great deal more about what is likely to happen to France – indeed the whole of western Europe – in the Sixties.

The first question is perhaps the key one. It is scarcely credible that the French government should not have realised that a section of the French army would attempt to use force to prevent a settlement in Algeria. All the conspirators made their positions abundantly clear. General Salan had publicly stated that the army would 'move' against a policy of 'surrender'. General Zeller had been broadcasting his views, in public and private, all over France and Algeria. In particular, the attitude of General Challe – by far the ablest and most formidable member of the conspiracy – had been revealed, in detail, to the government on 21 December last year, during a session, held *in camera*, of the trial of the men who instigated the 'Barricades Revolt' in January 1960.

Why didn't the government, confronted with explicit evidence that Challe was prepared to lead a mutiny, take action? By the time of the trial, Challe was no longer Commander-in-Chief in Algeria; and there was nothing to stop de Gaulle from arresting him. Not only did he fail to do this, but he also refused to reveal the secret evidence; and when a pirated copy was published this February, under the title of *Sans Commentaire*, it was promptly seized by the police.

There is plenty more evidence of the government's mysterious lethargy. No attempt was made to get Salan extradited from Spain, where he was plainly waiting for a signal to join his fellow-conspirators in Algiers. No restrictions were placed on Zeller, or even the notorious Colonel Godard. Many other open conspirators, such as the ex-editor of the *Echo d'Alger*, Alain de Sérigny, were also left at large. Repeated warnings were sent to de Gaulle that the army would act; indeed, he received one, in specific terms, as late as last Friday morning, from the best possible source – a well-known *ultra*. Why was no action taken?

Much of the blame, of course, can be attributed to the sheer incompetence of the government – a collection of shuffling non-entities, whose power of independent decision has long since been paralysed by years of bovine subservience to their master as they follow, puffing and panting, the twists and turns of his policy. The chief villain here seems to have been M. Messmer, the Defence Minister; he clearly did not enjoy the confidence of his own intelligence service, who for some time have been intercepting all messages between command posts in Algeria and must have known of the plot in detail.

But the fact remains that the responsibility for inaction must rest on de Gaulle's shoulders. For three years he has been shuffling about his senior officers – most of whom have accumulated elaborate dossiers of subversion and indiscipline. But never once has he been willing to evoke the full rigours of the military law against them. One or two have spent a few weeks confined to barracks; a few others, such as Massu, have been deprived of employment. But most have simply been shipped to the army in Germany, which for a year has become a dumping ground for disaffected brass-hats – a fact which nearly cost de Gaulle his throne this week. In each case, the snake was merely scotched.

There seems to be two reasons for this attitude. First, de Gaulle is a supremely confident man, who has an unshakeable trust in his own ability to master and manoeuvre men. In his own heart – and despite the evidence of January 1960, when the army refused to move against the Algiers barricades – he never really believed that it would act against him. Secondly, and this is central to the whole problem of power in France, it must be remembered that it was precisely the disaffected officers who placed de Gaulle in his present position. If de Gaulle had smashed the embryonic conspiracy thoroughly, he would have destroyed the army as an entity and thus made possible a resurgence of the essentially civilian force of the left. Without the army, de Gaulle's position would depend entirely on the support of the French people, and he does not trust his fellow-citizens.

This brings us straight to the second point: why did the revolt fail? Challe is an intelligent man and a careful planner. He knew perfectly well that to seize Algiers was, in itself, useless; if the revolt was to succeed, he must have Paris too. This was the lesson that he and others had learnt from the abortive victory of May 1958. It is therefore certain that he planned to land troops in the Paris area and seize the physical machinery of government. He had 30 transport aircraft with which he intended to lift 1,500 men to Paris last Sunday night. He no doubt felt he could rely on his colleagues in the air force not to intercept them – an assumption also made by the government. Unless he made this move, the revolt was lost – as events proved. Why, then, did the planes fail to take off?

This is widely attributed to the success of de Gaulle's broadcast. Certainly de Gaulle himself believes that this decisive failure of nerve and will was the direct consequence of his speech; that he smashed the revolt by words and personality alone. I do not believe this explanation. On the contrary, I believe

that the *paras* were prevented from reaching Paris by two other factors – both of them brought into operation against the wishes of de Gaulle.

The first was American intervention. Exactly what form this took we shall probably never know. We do know that General Gavin, the new US ambassador in Paris, saw de Gaulle on Sunday and offered physical assistance – which was refused. It is also said that the American Consul-General in Algiers brought a message to the rebel commanders threatening US interception if the transports took off. This I doubt, because it is difficult to see how the Consul could have been in direct contact with Washington to receive such orders so quickly. What is far more likely is that Challe got a direct warning from SHAPE headquarters, to the effect that the allied fighter screen, in the pursuit of routine precautions, would intercept any unidentified aircraft flying in the Nato area for apparently hostile purposes. SHAPE could have made such a move without the implication of US intervention, and therefore without hurting de Gaulle's – or France's – *amour-propre*. But whatever form the warning took, it plainly made Challe hesitate for the few vital hours which allowed the second factor to come into action.

This second factor was, quite simply, the elementary democratic and republican instincts of the French people. In May 1958, these instincts were never brought into play. Misled and divided on the left, lacking a positive appeal from the ramshackle and terrified Pflimlin government, the French population remained supine and indifferent during those vital days; it was 1940 all over again. Indeed, it was this civil passivity in 1958 which led Challe and his colleagues into their crucial miscalculation – the assumption that metropolitan France would, at worst, refuse to take sides and, at best, actively support them. It may seem a hard thing to say, but if the response to this week's crisis had been solely in de Gaulle's hands, Challe might have been proved right.

For, when de Gaulle spoke on Sunday evening, he used strong words, but he did not invite the civil population – still less command them – to resist the invaders. On the contrary, earlier that day the Prefect of Paris had issued specific orders forbidding any demonstrations or public gatherings. In de Gaulle's mind there was no question of a *levée en masse*. As Pierre Mendès-France said to me, during an anxious conference on Monday when we still believed an invasion possible, de Gaulle was not willing to arm the population: he wanted to remain the embodiment of the French people, not its instrument: he had taken power from the people, and he did not want to hand it back.

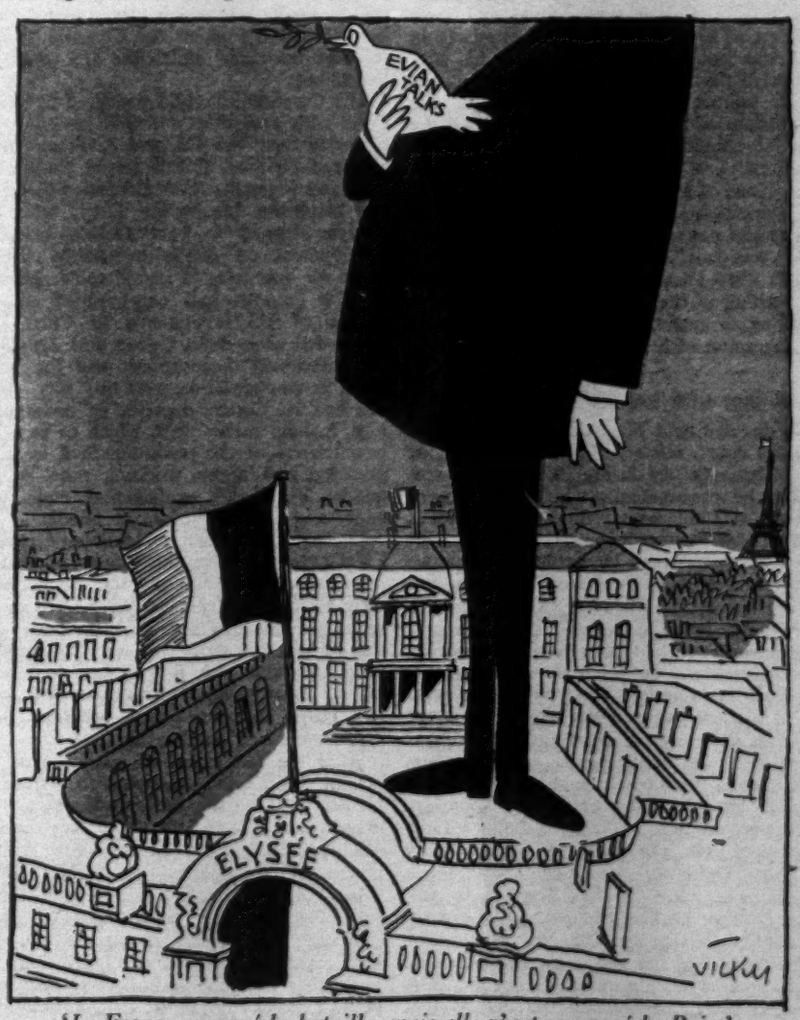
Fortunately, during Sunday night, control more or less passed out of his hands. Panicked by an intercepted message from Challe to his air commanders, Debré dashed to the radio and delivered his historic message. For the first time a direct appeal was made to the public to play a physical role in their destinies – to dash to the airports and obstruct the runways. Better than this, two of the ministers, Frey and Malraux, went themselves down to the Ministry of the Interior to supervise the recruitment of volunteers.

It was a fantastic scene: old Gaullist veterans, Mendèsistes like Charles Hernu, Socialists like Alain Savary, writers like Roger Stéphane, Communists, beatniks, young men and women – the so-called apathetic generation – struggling for uniforms and arms. There was Malraux, recovering his lost, progressive youth, visibly recapturing the heady excitement of Spain, shouting: 'In three hours the *paras* will be here'.

Moreover, all over France the same scene was taking place. In Lyons and Rheims, in Tolouse and Lille, even in tiny villages, the local deputies and the mayors, wearing their sashes of office, were preparing resistance. Republican France had been given a lead – at last – and it was responding in full measure. By the early hours of Monday, every airport in France was impassable, every important communications centre guarded. Whether or not de Gaulle formally cleared the Debré speech I do not know; but when he heard what had happened during the night, he was furious. This was not the way he had planned it, and he hastened to countermand many of the instructions his ministers had given. But by then the moment of greatest crisis had passed. The people had been raised from their lethargy and they made it abundantly clear they would not return to it until the revolt was crushed.

At five o'clock on Monday afternoon, ten million French workers observed a token strike – perhaps the greatest in history. By that evening, Challe must have known that the game was up. He could not land his aircraft, and it was clear that, even if he succeeded in getting troops to France, they would be resisted. His bluff had been called in France, and soon it was to be called in Algeria, too. From mid-day on Monday, all the French generals and admirals who had been sitting on the fence began to climb off it – on de Gaulle's side. The units in Germany, which might, in other circumstances, have marched on Paris, now began to roll towards its assistance. On Tuesday morning, the French navy – whose loyalty had equally been in doubt – fired a blank shot at the *paras* invading Mers-el-Kébir. This was the end. Having failed to take Paris, the collapse of the revolt was only a matter of weeks; after Mers-el-Kébir it was only a matter of hours.

And so we come to the third question. De Gaulle now has the rebellious praetorians at his mercy. The army is crushed, demoralised and – at last – afraid. De Gaulle can now, at one and the same time, have peace in Algeria and banish for good the lengthening shadow which the army has cast over French democracy. And if democracy survives in France, the chances are that it will grow roots in Italy and Germany, too; that the liberation of Spain and Portugal will remain possible. We thus stand at a watershed in post-war history. Will de Gaulle carry out the bitter threats he issued last Sunday and at last subject the rebellious officers to the full penalties of revolt against the civil power? Or will he, in pursuit of the phantom of national unity he cherishes, embark on yet another attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable and so permit the army to remain as a separate estate in the French body politic? Every instinct of reason, justice and common-sense prompts the first course. Everything we know of de Gaulle suggests there is still a danger that he may take the second.



'La France a gagné la bataille, mais elle n'a pas gagné la Paix.'

FIDEL CASTRO'S CUBA

Castro and the Communists

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Fidel Castro's revolution began like a Utopian dream – the *Dream of John Ball* or *News from Nowhere* in which people come together to create a happy world after an anti-social handful have been thrown out of paradise. It was indeed a case of 'We are many, they are few'. Batista's regime was so universally hated that Fidel – as everyone calls him – was regarded as a hero by people of all classes; for a brief period he was even applauded in the United States. The argument, developed with absurd acrimony in a recent article in *Encounter*, that his revolution was a middle-class and not a peasant one need not detain us. Most revolutions, including October 1917 in the Soviet Union, have had middle-class leaders.

Fidel's revolution was in many ways unique. His small group of guerillas in the hills were of middle-class origin. Fidel himself is a lawyer who comes from a well-to-do family. His first mass supporters were peasants, but he was also powerfully backed by the urban middle-class. The industrial proletariat, not in any case large in Cuba, were late in rallying to his side mainly because the Communists from the beginning regarded him as a mere adventurer.

In private, Castro now admits that their criticism of his quixotic *coup* at Moncado in 1953 was justified. Unlike most of his supporters in that desperate venture, he escaped almost miraculously with the aid of the Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba. By all the rules he should have been killed on many occasions, but he won by disobeying the rules. None of Lenin's conditions for successful revolution were present. The Batista regime had not collapsed and the Communist Party was small. It always annoys professionals when an amateur wins though knowing nothing of the game. Fidel may be compared to an inspired novice who knocks out the champion with a lucky swipe.

Revolution with Liberty

No one can read Fidel Castro's defence before the court, *History Will Absolve Me*, or any of his speeches during 1959, without seeing that he was an idealist who hoped to carry through a fundamental Socialist revolution without destroying democratic liberties. He relied on enthusiasm. He promised elections, sure that a popular vote would put the seal on his victory. His brother, Raoul, and his more experienced colleague, Che Guevara, may never have had such romantic notions, but Guevara was quite correct in saying that the Cuban revolution 'discovered Marxism'. Or, in Marxist jargon, Fidel set out to change the class structure of society and found that it involved also changing the superstructure.

A Cuban taxi-driver said, as we drove through Havana in his Chrysler: 'There are no brakes on this revolution'. And so Fidel discovered. He was converted primarily by the facts. There are well-authenticated stories of his grief when he was deserted by followers whom he had thought genuine revolutionaries. No doubt Che and other comrades rubbed in the moral on this occasion. Rich men who promised to support him changed their minds when they found that he really intended not a 'palace revolution' but a Socialist one. At each stage he necessarily made enemies. When he cut urban rents in half and stopped anyone owning more than one property (apart from a week-end bungalow on the beaches), he turned many of the middle-class people against him. As early as February 1959, he earned the lasting enmity of American and Cuban landlords by depriving them of their great sugar and tobacco plantations and cattle ranches.

In 1959 Fidel seems still to have hoped for a settlement with the US. But his terms included an American acceptance of his Socialist plan of society and his determination to make Cuba less dependent on the US and, in particular, to end the sugar monopoly, which was the basic cause of Cuban poverty. The US resented Castro's trade-barter-technical-assistance pact made with the Soviet Union in February 1960, and a complete oil and sugar battle ensued which lasted until the end of the year. Castro charged the US with economic aggression and Washington accused him of Communism. The western oil companies, whose refined oil from Venezuela Castro refused to pay for, in turn refused to refine Soviet oil. They were dispossessed and Cuba became wholly dependent on Soviet oil, which was supplied on a barter basis by which the Communist bloc received the sugar which the US would no longer buy.

The Communist world promised to supply Cuba with necessities which it had formerly imported from the US, and America put an embargo on most Cuban goods, though the fruit and vegetable trade continued to escape the blockade. Meanwhile Fidel, who had always planned to base Cuba's industrial development on public ownership, nationalised all industries of considerable size, and by the autumn had expropriated all but $100m of US investments in Cuba. The propertied class, both Cuban and American, was effectively dispossessed; and the bonds given in compensation were any way worthless because Castro, deprived of dollar earnings, had no money with which to pay. The beneficiaries of the revolution had been the peasants and many workers; most of the middle class and professional class were angry and much of it bitterly hostile.

Unlike some other revolutionary leaders, Fidel never made any attempt to prevent his opponents leaving the country. He preferred them to threaten from Miami than to stay as secret enemies in Cuba. Early in the revolution he said that those who were not prepared to go through with it with him had better get out. Many did; others remained to curse and gossip in private and, occasionally, to throw bombs or commit sabotage.

After the first period of revolutionary justice in 1959, Fidel attempted to restore the former legal system, but speedily sacked the magistrates, as being unable to face the facts of revolution. The last remaining critical newspaper disappeared in January 1961. When I argued that it would have been good for Fidel and his government to permit criticism, they replied that there had been little resistance on grounds of principle; that journalists and compositors had refused to publish attacks on Fidel; and, anyway, proprietors preferred to go into exile because they could not make money out of anti-Fidel newspapers and believed, like many other propertied and professional people, that America could be relied on soon to restore capitalism in Cuba. A typical comment came from a vice-president of United Fruit, which owned two sugar mills, an industrial railroad, two shipping ports and nearly 200,000 acres of Cuban land. In August 1960 he remarked: 'This sort of nutty thing has happened before and finally someone with better sense gets control of the government.'

Did Fidel have a unique opportunity of achieving a Socialist revolution without the Communists? Opinion will endlessly differ. Until 1960 Communists did not control the trade unions and they had lost influence because they had at first worked in alliance with Batista. The argument could easily turn on the case of Umberto Matos, a distinguished soldier to whom Castro entrusted the administration of a province. Matos was perhaps the only man who might have offered some alternative leadership. He openly quarrelled with Fidel on the ground that he was allowing Communists to have influence in the army. Fidelistas assert that he was ambitious for personal power, did not share Fidel's Socialist aims and was plotting against him. It would be in accordance with revolutionary tradition if both accusations were justified. In any case he was captured trying to escape and imprisoned.

A Dedicated Revolutionary

On Fidel's side it will be argued that in view of the attitude of the US he would have been compelled, without the ruthless support of the Communist apparatus, to see his revolution aborted like Cardenas's in Mexico, or to settle, like Bétancourt in Venezuela, for a democratic compromise which neither freed his country from foreign capital nor emancipated the exploited workers. The truth is that Fidel was the dedicated revolutionary, loyal to his vision of a Socialist Cuba and willing to forget his promises about civil liberty.

He was never an organisation man. He left that to his brother Raoul and to Che, both of whom always accepted Marxist assumptions. Inevitably the Communists increased their power at all levels and of course their case was strengthened by the dependence on the Communist bloc which alone aided the revolution, just as the Communists during the Spanish Civil War were powerful because the western powers left it to Russia alone to support the Spanish government. Communist influence was seen at its least agreeable, when I was in Cuba, in the incessant propaganda which rivalled in virulence that put out on the other side from Miami.

The almost complete failure of the invasion force last week to rally support in the island suggests that very few Cubans responded to the propaganda from Miami. I should say that a great majority believe in the agrarian reforms and are unaffectedly delighted to see US companies thrown out of Cuba. No doubt things will have been changed as a result of invasion. But I was impressed, when I was there a month ago, by the contrast between the savage posters demanding the firing squad for traitors and the general friendliness of the people. One US journalist there told me that he asked a Cuban how they came to be so agreeable to him when they were so violent about Yankees. The Cuban replied: 'You don't look like United Fruit'.

In one respect, the Cuba I saw reminded me of Yugoslavia immediately after Tito's victory in 1945. It is in the first place a fantastically young revolution. Fidel and Che, in their early thirties, are comparatively elderly. The head of a department is likely still to be in his twenties. I was reminded all the time of the rhyme about the 'Children, clever bold folks', who have 'turned the tables on the old folks'. The youthful militiamen and girls, whom you see everywhere, carry with terrifying carelessness tommy-guns and rifles, with revolvers and sheathed knives at their hips. One militia sergeant with whom I talked on a sugar plantation said their weapons were always loaded – but added when I asked if no one got killed: 'Oh no, we're all brothers now'. Shortly afterwards, an article appeared in a Cuban magazine complaining of the number of accidents amongst the militia.

These young men and women are no more willing than their more experienced army comrades who fought with Fidel to give up the power they have won. It is as foolish to criticise Fidel for not holding elections as it was to attack Tito's partisans, who had fought a far more desperate war, for not unscrambling their revolution 15 years ago. Elections are not possible in the middle of a revolution which aims at creating a new social synthesis and giving power to a new class. It took 150 years after Britain's civil war in the 17th century before the Protestant accession felt sufficiently firmly in the saddle to allow Catholics to vote. In these days – if it were not for invasion and war – one might have hoped for a speedier tolerance.

The Need for Breathing-Space

It is not sensible to attack revolutionaries for refusing to hold elections (which in Cuba have been synonymous with opportunities for corruption). The path of wisdom is to accept as necessary a period of settlement, and, by aiding the new economy, to encourage the more moderate forces in the revolutionary country; in that way stability may be hastened, persecution lessened and a climate created in which democracy can once again come into its own. If, instead of driving Cuba towards Communism, America had understood some remarks of Adolph Berle, Cuba might already be on the way to a sensible, non-violent Socialism. He said:

> It would have been perfectly possible, for instance, to offer Castro [assuming he did not choose to be an enemy of the US as apparently Castro has done] a means of financing his agrarian reform and his state-owned programme of industrialisation. The United States should be able to work in entire cordiality with any kind of social system which does not insist on being its enemy. American so-called capitalism is not a religion or a dogma; it is a way of getting things done which works extremely well in the United States – and may be quite inappropriate in many other situations.

Castro, be it noted, was seeking friendship and aid in the US when he visited America in 1959.

'How long can our Cuban revolution remain "original"?' an enthusiastic admirer of Fidel asked me one day in Havana. 'Our one safeguard against becoming Communist is Fidel himself'. He is indeed an extraordinary and incalculable man, whose dynamic personality dominates everything in Cuba. The Communists know that his leadership is vital to the revolution. It is his voice that compels loyalty. Foolish critics laugh at him for speaking in public for many hours on end, and answering questions on TV at inordinate length. But this is a part of his essential technique. If you analyse one of his speeches you discover that its length and its repetitions proceed not from emptiness of ideas or love of rhetoric, but from the necessity of explaining to a largely illiterate crowd, without democratic experience, his policy and the direction of his leadership. If you cut out these deliberate repetitions, you will find a considered, logical sequence of ideas and a solidly based argument.

Fidel is of course an actor; you cannot be a mass leader unless you are born that way. But he is deliberate and even cautious in what he says. Listen to him speaking to a hushed crowd which occasionally burst into roars of enthusiastic laughter. I did not think he was intoxicated by his success. I add that he has a fanatical belief in his cause, and that I should think he is capable of anything, in terms either of heroism or repression, when faced with a counter-revolutionary war.

London Diary

CHARON

At the passport photographers they were smiling like tooth-paste advertisements. 'We'll try and be as quick as we can,' said the girl, 'but it's difficult to hurry Ern today. The news from France has made him do his nut. He's trying to make a portrait study of every customer. Good old de Gaulle.' This typical reaction must have been shared by almost everyone in the island, perhaps also the Commonwealth. Two possible exceptions whose comments I await with interest are Welensky, who probably thinks de Gaulle is Dr Banda's best friend, and Peter Simple of the *Daily Telegraph*, who presumably considers him a dupe of Moscow. Not since 1940 had one felt so poignantly close to France.

★ ★ ★

Occam's Razor is a tricky tool. You must be quite certain what it is you are shaving with it. Its rule is: choose the simplest explanation. Superficially, the simplest explanation to the shattering American debacle *vis-à-vis* Cuba is that the President acted – perhaps half-heartedly – on the basis of wrong information, that special, faultlessly false brand which intelligence agencies so often supply, provided by the CIA with Allen Dulles at its head and various Republican tendons round its foot. This explanation seems simple enough but it involves one very improbable assumption: that Kennedy is a bloody fool. Nothing in his record, so far, suggests this. Let us, therefore, temporarily, pack up Occam's Razor and go over to Vaihinger's philosophy of As If. (Vaihinger was an amiable Viennese who reduced truth to a *reductio ad absurdum* of pragmatism: whatever explanation fits the facts best is the one to advance. There is danger here of applying a do-it-yourself kit for paranoiacs. Nevertheless, it can work.)

The most logical assumption is, to my mind unquestionably, that Kennedy decided to take advantage of the dangerous stupidity and intransigence of the CIA and affiliated bodies and to set them a deep trap. Surely he must have known that Castro had the confidence of the Cubans and that any minor type of invasion operations would get a stunning rebuff. Therefore, he acted consciously and his principal aim could only be finally and totally to discredit his own worst enemies inside the US. Of course, it's conceivable that Kennedy is, himself, doing an extra double-take: he wished to discredit the CIA and, at the same time, to test out the strength of Castro's Cuba. If this is so, the footling Monroe Doctrine-rattling which is now echoing round Washington may yet have more sinister portents.

★ ★ ★

'If,' said Eisenhower, interviewed on the golf course at Palm Springs the other day, *à propos* the suggestion that he was, objectively at any rate, a top-agent of the Kremlin, 'I thought the American people thought I was anything but a dedicated enemy of Communism I would certainly be disappointed.' This deliciously, characteristically naïve remark sends me off into wild flights of my favourite political fantasy: the Unwitting Saboteur. What was the worth in hundreds of millions of Chamberlain to Hitler? Supposing in 1914-16 the German General Staff had been told that, if they were prepared to lash out a bit, they could get (a) Kitchener and (b) Winston Churchill to conduct operations in the way they did in fact conduct them? And, to change the bowling, how about our late-lamented comrade, leader, teacher and friend, Joseph Vissarionovich? What were some of his principal, and by no means unbloodstained, bloomers worth in terms of hard cash to the capitalist international? Forced collectivisation – £2,000m? Purges – £3,000m? Extra bonus for Red Army purges – £1,000m? Refusal to listen to warnings, including that of his own deep-planted agent Sorge (in the German embassy in Tokyo), perhaps the greatest spy of all time, that Hitler was going to attack on a 1,500-mile front in June 1941 – £5,000m? The figures pretty soon became altogether astronomical. No wonder that history sometimes ends by putting a premium on the silent squatting *cunctator* who follows the Taoist principle of inertia. None the less, dredge your net through history's misfits till the end of time and you are most unlikely to find an unwitting saboteur so priceless as that likeable old golf-ball, Ike.

★ ★ ★

John Huston seems to be going ahead with his film of Freud's life, in spite of all difficulties. He hasn't yet cast the leading role, though. His idea last week was to try to persuade the sage's grandson Lucien, the painter, who bears quite a close resemblance to the young Freud, to try it. Huston was all set to carry him off to Hollywood, but Lucien has decided against. He did, however, read Sartre's script, about which the Freud family have been somewhat exercised, and found it not at all bad.

★ ★ ★

Mr Butler is already rather unpopular with his own party. Tory floggers and hangers bracket him equal with anti-Christ, several sulphurous lengths ahead of Krushchev. He is now becoming the 'bogeys' *bête noire* (a 'bogey' is a plain-clothes detective). The new betting and licensing laws not only will, but have already removed much of the power till now enjoyed by the black sheep of the CID. I'm told of one betting club which used to pay out around £30 to £40 a week for protection from prosecution. The other day the black sheep called for his weekly living. He was told: 'Sorry, chum, but there's nothing more you can do for us. We're strictly

legit, now. Get stuffed.' Unwisely, he came back and renewed his demand. This time the club proprietor leapt for his telephone and rang the black sheep's station. Over his shoulder he said to the black sheep: 'Your superior officer has asked you to remain here until he comes. We are surprised at you. We cannot allow the law to be broken on our premises.'

★ ★ ★

The case of Mr Jan Ozga, the Polish war hero who has lost his job after spending two weeks in Lincoln Prison for refusing to pay his rates on the grounds that part of them were being used to train rocket scientists, should be drawn to the attention of all guardians of civil liberty. Mr Ozga paid his £21 rates to charity because he considered he would be committing a crime if he allowed 7s 8d. of the rate to go to Nottingham Technical College, which, he said, 'trains scientists to make rockets. We are equipping politicians with the means to destroy humanity.' He wanted the Nottingham Corporation to allot the part of his rate ear-marked for the college to another department. Mr Ozga was wounded eight times in the Polish Army in Italy and decorated for valour. There have been no complaints about his work – he makes artificial limbs – but his employer decided that, by electing to go to prison, he had embarrassed the company. I see the point; but what about employees whose incarcerations are involuntary?

★ ★ ★

'I swear that wood is haunted', said the nice horsey girl; 'I and a friend of mine called Pippa went there one afternoon and we suddenly felt we couldn't stand it. We had to run for it. It was an awful kind of indescribable feeling as if something was sucking your identity away from you. There's an old Roman iron mine down there.' Nice horsey girls, however extraverted, are great ones for getting haunted in woods, but there was certainly an iron mine on this particular site in East Sussex. I felt it my duty to investigate. I came back a few days later at noon with my 13-year-old daughter, who was just about as determined to be haunted as it is possible to be. A grey lowering day. We crashed about up and down slopes through boggy undergrowth. I claimed to hear the crack of Roman mine-overseers's whips on British slave backs. She reproved me sharply. That was nothing to do with real haunting. We sat on a fallen trunk and looked up and around. Thin trees slanted in all directions. I began to get a faint sensation of dizziness; but we were pressed for time and I could not indulge it to the full. Both site and sensation did, however, remind me strongly of the only haunting experience I have ever had. This was in a wood near Gweek in Cornwall one warm woolly winter afternoon. The timber was growing on the side of a cup in the grounds. After a minute or two, I and my companion experienced a really intolerable feeling of oppression. Suddenly we found we were running. We didn't stop until we were outside the wood, where I tripped over an old boot (this, of course, belonged to a tramp who had been sacrificed).

Here too the trees were thin; and this, I think, is the rational explanation. A certain type of visual formation, plus the right kind of lighting, may produce, if the subject is in a mildly depressive mood, a sensation akin to 'flicker pattern'. Flicker pattern, as is well known, produces in some people a minor epileptic equivalent. Some ingenious children have been known to induce it in themselves by flicking their fingers in front of their eyes.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Some years ago – when it became apparent that workers were going to take advantage of full employment by striking for more and more money – I resolved I would refuse to buy anything produced by firms whose workers had been on strike. I now take only one morning and evening paper (because of the printing strike); I have no coal fires (because of miners' strikes); a German car (car industry strikes); and I use my car for all travelling (transport strikes). – Letter in *Evening Standard*. (R. J. Evans.)

May I express my admiration for the first name in space – Major Yuri Gagarin?

This is an easy name for us to pronounce and remember. Had his name been something inexorably Russian, like Yuslffny Stmyollefavflov or Cfystwf Stfyalfyrrwlsky I personally should have preferred to ignore the whole shoot. – Letter in *Evening News*. (Phyllis Oliver.)

'Most people are pleased with the new ferries, but I have heard a number of complaints. People have complained that although there are toilets on the ferries they are always locked, which is most inconvenient for passengers. Enquiries revealed that the reason the toilets were locked was to keep them clean.' – *Gravesend and Dartford Reporter*. (T. S. Griffiths.)

I was interested to see this photograph of the matron of King Edward VII Hospital, Marylebone, performing a deep curtsy to Prince Bertil of Sweden when he left the hospital after an operation.

I assume that it is obligatory to make a dignified bob or bow when one is in the presence of British royalty, but does this rule apply to Continental royalty too?

Is it really necessary for British people in important and responsible jobs to abase themselves before utterly unimportant foreign princelings in this fashion? – Letter in *Sunday Express*. (Harvey Cole.)

The Living and the Dead

GERDA L. COHEN

North of the Roman Wall, upland farms lie stern and beautiful. In heavy grey towns which turn a cold shoulder to the sea, people gaze at the new electricity showrooms. Coal wagons crawl past an arrogant castle now let off in flats. Across a green horizon heave the slag heaps, their pyramid shadow on the colliery villages which can't be told apart. Everyone's back-yard has a fine view of black embankment and who goes into the manager's office. But in some villages, no-one bothers to look any more. The pit is silent.

At Long Seaton, the wheel hung motionless in a tower like a gutted Norman keep. From the empty baths, rose a final whiff of carbolic. Not a man around, except the grocer calling in his mobile shop. 'Oh-ay, 'tis thut quiet ye can hear buzzer go ten mile away'. A housewife in curlers leant over her gate, glad of a chat, 'our lads all gan to another pit, ye see, when the Board shut ourn. A shame they lost the big money. Still, it's fair. Last in gets lowest pay – that's union law'.

Since 1957, the NCB has closed over 160 uneconomic mines, and plans to shut down more. Thanks to union co-operation of a stoic nature, in transferring those men agreeable, there's been no harsh unemployment. Nevertheless, 'down-grading as a condition of re-deployment' – to use the official blandness – came hard on folk just beginning to catch up with affluent England. They don't complain. The middle-aged who remember the terrible Thirties accept hardship with a quietness which makes one ashamed.

'They put me on daytal neyn month ago', said a miner from Wylam, his brogue broad as a farm wagon, 'an' neow I'm back on piece, twelluv pound luss week.' Neither the blacksmith nor his mates dream of moving nearer their job. 'Sure, I spend five bob a week on fares' (to which the Coal Board, on average, adds one pound of subsidy) 'but we done up our whoam; cost us a forchune' (displaying a pink bath of patrician splendour); 'we laid on H and C like an 'otel.

Uniformly drear outside, their cottages are snug within; flights of duck over the mantelpiece and 'contempry' sofas round the telly. You will find most gardens lovingly manured, for the Northumbrian miner is a fanatic grower of leeks: not to eat, but to win honour at the Show. The blacksmith went in for sculling, too, and his parlour shone with trophies. A river ran behind the mean alleys, cleaving slate-dark to the beach ruined by slag dumps. 'No, we'll never move'.

Despite their loyalty, Long Seaton is dying. Except for the annual tombola there's hardly an occasion to unbolt the bloated red Welfare Hall which squats near their only store, the Co-op. Trade and community life have seeped from the village to Ashington, their small metropolis. Nowhere in Britain can you still meet a town so completely dependent on coal: a phalanx of modernised pits are sucking in manpower.

Ashington wears prosperity like an old-age pensioner with his first set of dentures: pleased to get 'em, of course, yet underneath a bit wary. How long can the luck last? At any moment, the omnipotent 'they' might bewail an astronomic stock-pile and declare 'emergency closure' as in 1959. Meanwhile, housewives stand akimbo along the interminable dead-flat rows of Ashington, watching their street privies come down and garages go up instead. A great deal of colliery housing, inherited by the NCB from mine-owners, is now being rushed from the 19th to the 20th century, at a cost of £600 per go, half paid by local authority grant, half by the Board. Married miners live there rent-free: another reason to stay put even if work has flown.

This hunger for modernity and dazzle has directed much of the miners' extra cash into refurbishing their 20 clubs, which entirely supplant the two dismal pubs as a spiritual focus. 'Luxury isn't the word', they said of Hirst Premier, whose Tudor lounge had emblazoned lamp shades and oak panelling to hide the TV.

'We've put in electric heating', Mr Riddell the secretary almost genuflected to a large bronze altar. 'People take it fer an organ!' His grand strawberry countenance (belying 50 years down-pit) went redder with pride at the dance-hall, whose rainbow roof outdid the Trocadero. Miners have got into the habit of bringing their womenfolk, although they're still debarred from membership. The original club ideal of self-education has faded. Politics don't interest them – unless you rashly enquire their opinion of the proposed Licensing Bill: 'They're eowt to kill our co-operative brew'ries, mek no mistake'.

Ashington has one other grievance agin the government. 'Why don't they encourage light industry to come yere? Ay, answer me that, man!' A monopoly of employment might suit the Coal Board, but it sorely hits the disabled and not-so-tough, who would go to the

Fetch-and-carry cha cha cha

Tray held high with a score of orders.
Forehead heavy with mental calculations.
If you've ever watched a waiter
weaving across a crowded floor, you'll get an
idea of our transportation problems.

First our markets have wildly different
patterns of consumption. Then to complicate
matters, crude varies from oilfield to oilfield.
So our tankers dart about the world, picking
up a fantastic variety of products. And these have
to pass through shore tanks and refineries to all
sorts of inland carriers — the pipelines, the
road and rail tankers, the barges on the Rhine,
the tractor-drawn sledges in Finland.

The petrol that goes into your car might be made
from crudes from several fields. Another mixture
went into your daughter's toothbrush, yet another
into the bitumen road outside your house. If you
thought that moving oil was simple, please put on
a white jacket and try taking some orders.

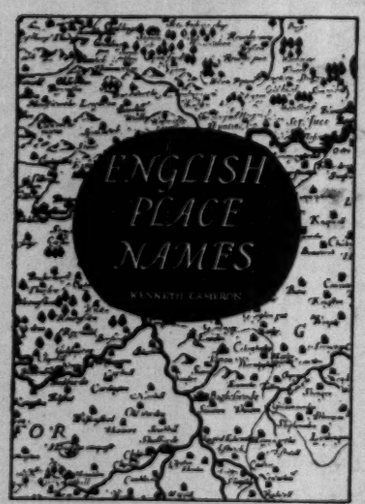
YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

wall when surface jobs are axed if the NUM didn't slog mightily to fix them up elsewhere. As for recruitment, rural Northumberland doesn't worry the Coal Board. It's different near Tyneside. 'High westage of young lads', reported the ex-miner in charge of industrial relations, who could easily be mistaken for a rosy, retired bank manager. 'They train six months at our expense, go down on a short shift – then before ye can turn around they ups and goes. I dunno, they can't grumble at conditions in Rising Sun'.

Mechanisation at this pit, whose huge black cliff rakes the huddled skyline of Wallsend, took the 'hard graft' out of coal-winning. One banksman in a soundproof cabin now controls the wagons shunting to an automatic washery. Down-shaft, the onsetter pushed buttons instead of a heavy tub. When the men sent here from Montague saw a tunnel lit by fluorescent lamps, 'they was downright flubbergusted' said Georgie Eland, the union chief at Rising Sun, 'though you won't niver hear a miner criticise his old pit, not if she 'ad no baths neither. Mind you, there's one thing we can't improve: namely, height of the seam.'

Crawling helmet-down through a slit in the rock, you reach an artery of coal, just wide enough to take the miner's body. He lay spread-eagled prone, his teeth tiger-white in a black face. 'I've cut wuss', manoeuvring to rest on one elbow, 'the roof's 'ard, anyway; I wouldn't like this lot on me napper'. Then: 'Time don't aff fly down yere!' Slithering on his belly, he set in motion a coal-cutter whose violence choked the burrow with noise, blackened his sweaty grin and crushed out the tiny arc of light on his helmet. The overman nodded, appreciatively: 'Wonderful thing, that machine.'

A Guide to
Place Name Study



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21s

B·A·T·S·F·O·R·D

Roses and Fish

ANTHONY CARSON

I bought some roses for Mart in the market at Vence, while she was buying bones. They didn't look spectacular – small, oval, secretive, dark, rough red-veined with the rust of rain and *mistral*. But directly they were put in our kitchen they began to open. They were like young girls learning to dance. Their perfume clung gently round your neck and then ran away, the flowers were artless. These roses had nothing in common with the roses of England, which always appear to be, at least now, trying to climb the social scale. They have lost their modesty and their perfume. How I hate those huge over-coloured roses in neat suburban gardens, over-tended substitutes for sex, laughter or murder. It is the same with English carnations, invariable decoration for Lesbian clubs and promotion waiting-rooms, hard as disguised policewomen. Even the carnations of Provence have nothing in common with these. They haven't been over-brought up; they've learned about life in the fields; they haven't been measured for a dress. It's even doubtful if they are virgins.

The culture of flowers in Haut Provence is an intense one, but not drawn to your notice over-much. In Vence they grow roses, violets, carnations and orange blossom. Up above, in the tall hills, lavender. In fact the people there live on lavender, and there is almost too much lavender, too many bees. The lavender world is dying anyhow, the old ladies are being steadily packed away and the young girls don't care. Mart and I sat in the kitchen, while the bones were boiling, and looked at the roses. 'Draw them,' I said.

'Certainly not,' said Mart, 'I'm not such a fool as that. Go and ask Picasso. He's bought a chateau near Mougins.'

We didn't go to Mougins; we went instead to Monaco. We drove fast through Nice, tasted the spray of a rough green sea and followed the snakings of the corniche, skirting cradled blue bays. In one of them a fat white man in horn-rimmed spectacles lay on a rubber mattress. We sped through a tunnel and charged into Monte Carlo, then on to the Oceanographic Museum in Monaco. Nearby was a huge restaurant which we entered for some wine. We should have guessed we were in Monaco, because the huge arthritic waiters stared at my shoes and the hems of my trousers and then at Mart's rather strange check pantaloons. A party of secure business people were eating lobsters, and one of them, a thin pale man, an obvious mother's dote, giggled at these semi-tropical trouserettes. I made a loud sort of speech in French, and Mart shut me up. We paid and left.

The Oceanographic Museum contains a large hall filled with bottled fish, deep-sea gear and huge marine skeletons. Down below there is an aquarium and somewhere in the building a research department. It is, without doubt, the most serious oceanographic museum and aquarium anywhere in the world. It was inaugurated by Albert the First of Monaco, who practically devoted his life to the study of exotic fish; and this passionate interest has passed to the present monarch, Prince Rainier. In fact the museum is incomparably more important than the ridiculous, manic casino which, in most people's minds, conjures up Monte Carlo – palm trees, suicides and the breaking of the bank. Indeed much of the casino's treasure-chest of immoral earnings is swallowed by this aquarium.

The stars of the aquarium are three exhibitionist sea-lions, one male and two seductive females, sinuous as only submarine sin could be. These two wet satin mermaids go daintily at each other's coats, nipping and buffeting in a perfectly evolved ballet, one eye always on the public, whom from time to time they actually address from a diving platform. It is not easy to detach oneself from this performance, and on at least three occasions I had to drag Mart back to the glass windows and the fish she was supposed to be drawing.

The fish are mostly exotic, but some have been taken from the local depths of the Mediterranean, and these are by no means the least interesting. The remaining exhibits have been caught in any of the world's oceans, grotesque, lyrical, sinister and sometimes magical. You can almost hear a thin deep-water music which human ears are not made to catch. The most magical, in a pure sense, are the sea-horses who live in a wonderful show-house of coral and deep-sea crannies. They swim with great melancholy, heads bowed, and hover gently, sadly over a twig of coral, then wrap their tails slowly round it. Here they stay, pausing in the dance, perhaps awaiting some signal, a resolution, a vision. Is it love, is it despair, is it hunger?

As striking as the stripes and red noses of the clown-fish, the sober scales of the Grey Surgeons, or the spiny fins, like a galleon's unfurling sails, of the *rascasses*, is the construction of the rocks and sea-bottoms in these wonderful tanks. Here the sea-beasts have getaways in the crannies, so that Mart, who is really afraid of fish, sometimes started back and away from the glass fronts, as when a spotted dome-fish, like an obscene snake, peeped at her out of a stony crack with tiny, sub-intellectual eyes.

The most beautiful exhibit of all amounts to the dream of all painters, a living picture. One particular tank offers everything that art can aspire to and possesses motion as well. This is a collection of sea-fauna, rooted to their rocky bed, long and tapering like flowers seen through the lenses of a nightmare, or like vegetation on another planet. You observe them, they are still; you stand watching them and sense the ghost of movement, but you are not sure. Yet there is a change of composition, and presently, eyes, slender tubes, something like truncated yellow gas-pipes, have blossomed with terrible roses and there is a swaying of purple gelatinous pillars, and tentacles sweep backwards and forwards through the shrimpy waters.

We drove back along the winding road to Nice. As was customary, we stopped on the way in a bar. 'Now', I said to Mart, 'let us see the drawings of the fish.'

'What fish?' said Mart in a suddenly harsh voice. I knew that voice, those bold eyes, the stubborn head like an oak in a gale. It was an instant signal of guilt. I was not, then, her man on an autumn coast; I was her step-father's steps on the stair, the angry dog in the garden, fate like a lost train. 'Nothing was said about fish,' said Mart in a louder voice.

'A lot was said about fish,' I cried. 'The whole idea was to come here and draw fish.'

There was a pause, and she looked towards the door. 'As a matter of fact,' she said, 'I did draw a fish.'

'Let me see it,' I said. She began to fumble

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in one of the large Lambretta bags and drew out her sketch-book. She averted her face, but I could see she was crying.

'Here,' she said pointing.

It was the picture of a codfish. Its huge, horrible and unutterably stupid face filled the page. 'We have come here,' I said, 'miles and miles, with the greatest possible difficulty, under hopeless weather conditions, at the mercy of an accountant who hates writers, and we visit the most marvellous aquarium in the world, crammed with brilliant fish that hardly anyone has ever seen, and you draw a *cod fish*!'

My own lack of seriousness, my frivolity, my inner disbelief, my courting of catastrophe as a short-cut to joy, was projected into her, into the ever open, bottomless Paradise dust-bin which was built into Eve and all her daughters. It was a mounting row, savage and unfair. That wasted aquarium, that host of exotic marvels, became my life; I had spurned it too often, starved this sharp, true hunger, and sat bored and boring, talking in the waiting room. The row fell, lingered and rose again. The codfish became husbands, lovers and treachery – the end of the world. Finally it exploded in a burst of impenetrable silence.

We drove home and climbed the stairs, no word exchanged. We opened the door and our eyes sought the roses. There were no roses. The floor was strewn with petals, and in the bowl were nothing but stems, thorned wood. The dance was over, the tinkling piano locked. It began to rain. I sat at the kitchen table and opened the sketch-book. There were views of Vence, of men playing cards, of the fountain, of the spring of La Foux. And on the last page, leering vilely out at me, was the codfish.

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SECKER AND WARBURG

Correspondence

JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND

SIR, – Without in any way accepting Charon's over-facile and superficial comment that in 'Eire' canonical law prevails while in 'Ulster' secular law prevails, may I point out:

(1) That in considering the levelling of economic trade barriers in Ireland, or anywhere else, the religions of the populations seem somewhat irrelevant.

(2) That all the political leaders in the Republic have repeatedly indicated their willingness to accept a federal solution, leaving to that area of Ulster which desires it, full autonomy, in regard to matters of religion or conscience.

(3) That the European Convention on Human Rights, which is the *only* instrument of a constitutional nature which applies to both parts of Ireland and to Britain as well, could easily provide the constitutional basis for a federal solution of the Irish partition problem. It contains all the necessary safeguards for the rights of minorities, religious and political, as well as machinery for the protection of these rights.

During the discussion which led to the formulation and adoption of the Convention on Human Rights, the late Ernest Bevin, then British Foreign Secretary, often expressed the view to me that the Convention on Human Rights might well form the basis for the ultimate solution of the partition of Ireland; this was also my view. How about some constructive thinking on those lines?

SEAN MACBRIDE

Roebuck House
Clonskea
Dublin

APPEASEMENT IN THE THIRTIES

SIR, – It is a new experience to be treated with justice in a left-wing weekly, and I am naturally grateful to Mr Marquand and willing for once to take up the argument.

I notice that the most important middle-term in this discussion is missing – as it was completely ignored by Crossman in his account of the matter in the *Guardian*: namely, *what was our best chance of avoiding war at all and maintaining peace?*

The answer is to my mind simple: our only hope was to build a grand alliance (in other words, collective security was the only security), so that when the break came it would be an internal one, the bursting of the abscess *inside* Germany. The policy of the grand alliance – the policy of Churchill-cum-Bevin, as Mr Marquand calls it – was in fact our only hope. In my book I show that this was the message Adam von Trott brought from the German generals as late as 1939: Do not give way to Hitler, hold firm and the break will come inside Germany.

As against this common sense of the matter, against common sense itself, we have, as usual, Mr A. J. P. Taylor. Mr Marquand is one of the few commentators with the perception to see that his book is written to substantiate a thesis: everything happens by chance, statesmen do not plan ahead, everybody is pretty equally responsible, or rather not responsible, etc.

There is, of course, something in this: but not very much. To take the plain common sense of human action and stand it on its head is contrary to the very nature of history, the mark not of an historian but of an anti-historian. Can anybody of sense take seriously the view that Hitler had not much responsibility for the war, that Britain and France were only just less responsible, that Munich was 'a triumph for British policy', etc?

It needs someone to describe this as the pernicious nonsense it is. It is not the historian's business to be startling or perverse, or to make nonsense of the facts, or to be motivated by the exhibitionist desire to play to the gallery, or just to be different from everybody else, but simply and sincerely to seek what is true.

I note that Elizabeth Wiskemann who knows about the diplomatic history of the period and whose judgment is an informed one – unlike the enthusiastic reviewers, not one of them an historian who knows or can judge – dismisses the book as 'a virtuoso's display of impish inconsistency in the name of rationality.'

But that is not history, and it is a pity that people should be so easily taken in.

A. L. ROWSE

All Souls' College
Oxford

SIR, – It is sad to see a journalist like Mr David Marquand bewitched by the plausibility of a professional diplomatic historian – however well documented. Diplomatic history detaches the manoeuvres of governments from the emotions which the same governments deliberately exploit in the peoples governed. Mr Marquand writes: 'Chamberlain can hardly be blamed for not knowing in 1938 what Hitler would have become in 1942.' What Hitler was already in 1932 was quite enough.

I have the honour to belong to the group of British correspondents in Berlin who, under the magnificent but quite unintended leadership of Norman Ebbutt of *The Times*, tried to explain to their readers what Mr Marquand thinks Mr Chamberlain could not have known. (I was the Berlin correspondent of the *Morning Post* from 1929-1933.) Sir Horace Rumbold and Sir Eric Phipps, in the Embassy, were, I believe, trying to explain the same thing. Mr Chamberlain preferred to replace Sir Eric Phipps by Sir Nevile Henderson, who, to his shame, stated in a public speech in Berlin that the correspondents could not see the wood for the trees.

There are documents which, alas, even today are not preserved. It would be most instructive to be able to compare the dispatches sent to his paper by Norman Ebbutt with what was printed after what his editor called 'pinpricks' had been removed. It was those 'pinpricks' in his dispatches which were conveying the character of Hitler and his regime. Fortunately, something remained. Norman Ebbutt is not mentioned in the official history of *The Times*, the paper whose honour he bravely sustained against the dishonour of its editor.

DARSIE GILLIE

21 Casimir Perier
Paris 7

LEARNING TO READ

SIR, – I find it difficult to believe that any child in this country is taught to read entirely by the phonic method described by Mrs Wolfman. Even with a knowledge of sounds, it is sometimes difficult for a child of five to put them together and make a word e.g. b-i-g – and it is such a slow, dull and limiting process.

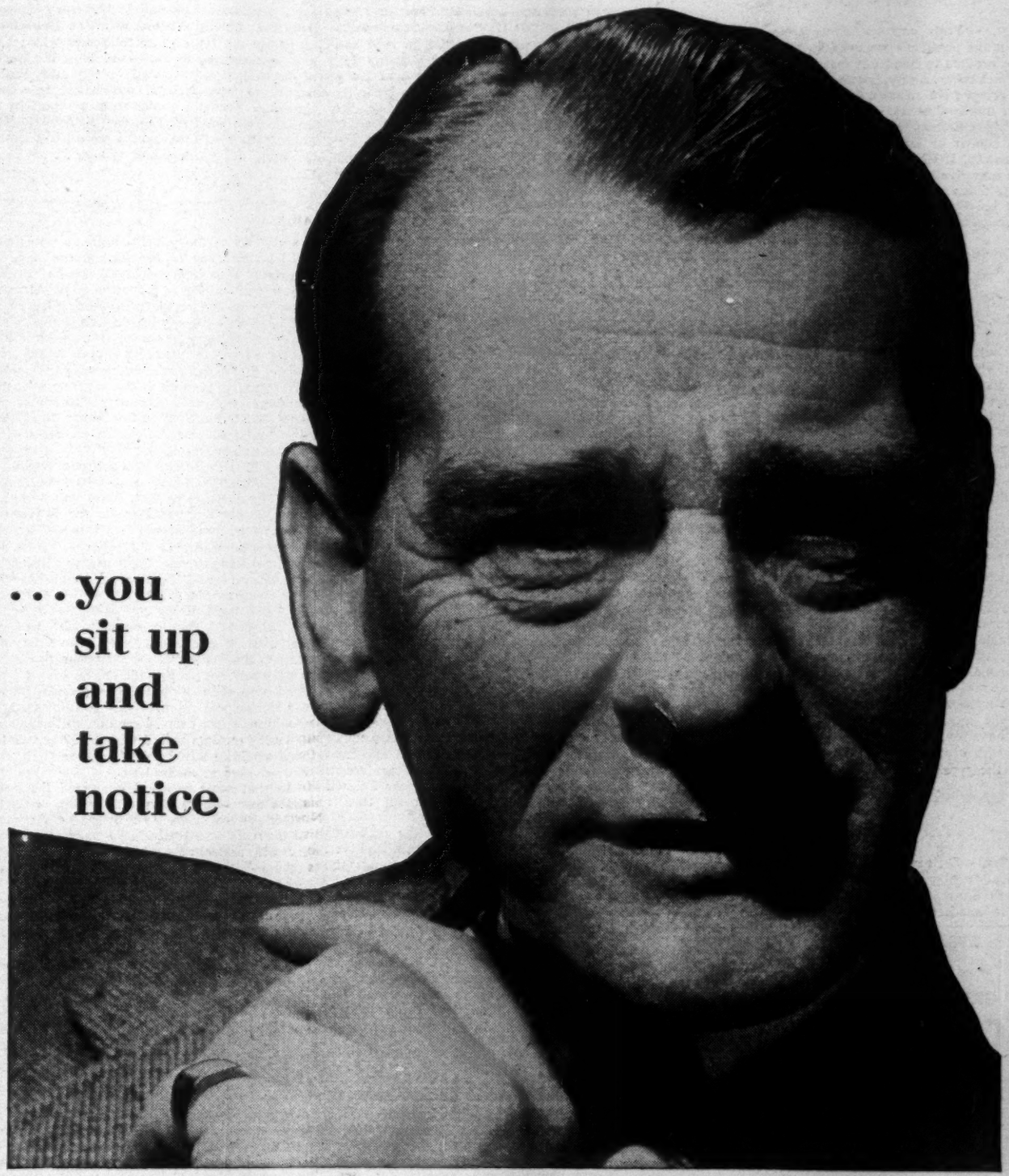
Most modern reading schemes begin by building up a vocabulary of whole words. These are taught by flash cards, games etc, so that a child of five can read words such as 'here', 'aeroplane', 'look' in quite a short time. (It takes longer in classes of 40+.) In one scheme a child can have its first book after learning nine words – great step forward! Whole words, sounds and digraphs are then taught side by side.

Perhaps we should let Mrs Wolfman into the secret of the magic of the fairy (final) 'e' which turns 'hat' into 'hate', 'hop' into 'hope', 'pin' into 'pine' and so on. By waving its wand, the fairy 'e' makes the middle vowel say its own name (not its sound).

Other reading problems are coped with similarly. The alphabet is usually known by the top group of an infant school. It must be if the children are to use their dictionaries.

KATHLEEN ALLEN

Sudbury, Suffolk



...you sit up and take notice

I've found a lot of the programmes on Scottish Television make you think, the serious programmes, the ones about current affairs in Scotland, telling you what's happening day by day. That's why I always watch them. Sometimes I see a Scottish variety show and I must say I like these, too. They're Scottish through and through. I like that. I like to feel it's something special. That's what you expect from your own national television station. That's what you get, I'm glad to say.

Scottish Television makes life worth watching

HUMANITY ON TRIAL

SIR, – Your correspondents seem concerned about the possible consequences for a V-bomber pilot ordered to hand out mass destruction.

The answer, surely, is quite simple and one that all prospective mass-murderers should learn at their mothers' knees.

If (like Eichmann) your side are the losers, you will sooner or later be tried for crimes against humanity. If (like Stalin) you back the winners, you may live happily ever after, safe in the knowledge that any potentially embarrassing incidents will be dismissed as unfortunate but inevitable episodes in the onward march of history.

A. J. POTTER

Greystones
Co. Wicklow

SIR, – Chaim Weitzman in his inaugural address as first President of Israel, said that 'this day is a symbol, reaching out beyond world Jewry, to all men who have been oppressed, insulted or bullied.' In that sense the trial now taking place in Jerusalem is one of the most beautiful things that has ever happened. For the state prosecutor of Israel is in reality the attorney for the defence; and his clients are the victims of every bully throughout history – the economic bullies, the political bullies, the class bullies and the race bullies, the cheating bullies and the boasting ones. While in that dock in Jerusalem, beside Adolf Eichmann, stand awaiting the verdict of the Judges of Israel all the oppressors of mankind since history began.

If you remember what the world was like in which Eichmann did those things that have caused him to be where he now is, you will realize that the fact that he is being tried in Hebrew in Jerusalem in the light and freedom of a democratic Israel, for crimes he committed against the Yiddish poor in the darkness of Nazi occupied Europe, is a witness to the fact that poetic justice is as real as this page.

Yet there is one suggestion I would like to make to the court. It would have been a deep courtesy to have invited a representative of the gypsies to sit with it on the bench. For the Nazis also killed all the gypsies in their territory.

PAUL POTTS

A FOUR-YEAR PLAN

SIR, – On my return from abroad I have just seen Mr Alan Day's criticism of Mr Harold Wilson's Four Year Plan in your issue of 7 April. It is based on a muddling of two columns of the national accounts. Mr Wilson took domestic *expenditure* as the basis of his calculations (£23,500m in 1959 and some £25,500m in 1960) and clearly said so. Mr Day unaccountably talks of gross national *product* (£20,700m in 1959 and £21,660m in 1960). His calculations showing that a ten per cent rise in national *product* (and therefore also national *expenditure*) is perfectly feasible, provides a welcome support to Mr Wilson's conceptions.

It is, of course, quite possible to expand production by well over ten per cent in the first two years of a well prepared plan. And GATT provides perfectly adequate means of dealing with any resultant balance of payments problem – that is, if a Chancellor is in power willing to use them. While consumption under the plan would not rise fast (only 50 per cent of the increase in national *expenditure* could be devoted to it), it would rise faster in real terms than of late.

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LONDON ART SCHOOLS

SIR, – I was not surprised to read that it was 'rather indirectly' that Charon (London Diary, 14 April) learnt that there were nefarious plans afoot to close the Central School of Arts and Crafts and St Martin's School of Art. By more direct means he might have learnt the facts.

There is no question of the closure of either the Central School or St Martin's. On the contrary a large extension for the Central School is at present being built by the Council; substantial evidence, clearly visible to anyone walking down Kingsway, of the Council's intention not only to continue but in every way possible to build up this excellent college. Firm plans exist also for providing additional accommodation for the St Martin's School and these will be carried out as soon as building programmes for further education permit.

Charon seems to have been as badly informed about the nature of these two schools as about their future. Neither of them is an independent institution receiving from the Council subsidies which could be withdrawn. Both colleges are in fact owned and fully maintained by the Council as part of the statutory provision for further education in London.

I had not previously heard of the nefarious plans to which Charon referred, I can, however, say that neither the aims of the plot nor the suggested methods of achieving it are possible.

MARJORIE MCINTOSH
Vice-Chairman of the Education Committee
The County Hall, SE1

[CHARON *writes*: I accept Mrs McIntosh's rebuke about subsidies; nevertheless my information about nefarious projects in the event of a Tory victory was well-founded. I am relieved to note the continued worthy intentions of the Labour LCC.]

CHARON AND THE FBI

SIR, – Charon, in London Diary of 14 April, makes an extraordinary charge: that the Federal Bureau of Investigation had featured President Wilson in its 'Black List . . . as an unduly liberal president of Princeton University'. According to Charon, Mr Wilson discovered this in 1916. Only trouble with this report – and Charon cites no source – is that the FBI came into existence in the early Twenties, after Mr Wilson had gone to his just reward.

VICTOR LASKY

333 West 57 Street
New York, 19

CHARON *writes*: May I be permitted to quote from the *Federal Bureau of Investigation* by Max Lowenthal? 'The Federal Bureau of Investigation had a somewhat unorthodox beginning. First proposed in 1907 by Attorney General Charles Joseph Bonaparte and repeatedly requested by him, authorisation of the Bureau was withheld by the 60th Congress in 1908 . . .' Finally on 1 July, continues Lowenthal, 'Attorney General Bonaparte quietly established in the Department of Justice the force of secret police which Congress had refused to authorise. Thus the Bureau of Investigation, re-named in 1935 the Federal Bureau of Investigation, was born.' In a later chapter, Lowenthal quotes from a report by the Bureau's General Intelligence Division: 'In the Democratic Party we have a so-called liberal or left-wing, led by President Wilson . . . '

CITY SLICKERS

SIR, – Mr Arthur Christiansen, in referring to the high integrity of the city editors, says that 'Frederick Ellis, the peppery *Daily Express* City Editor, was trained by pint-sized S. W. Alexander (now the owner of the prosperous *City Press*)'; and in referring to city editors as a group he says: 'They are an honourable lot and, as they do not play the markets, they can give dispassionate advice. S. W. Alexander sees no harm in City editors being investors as distinct from in-and-out gamblers – nor do I – and sneered that the current crop of *Express* City editors were "the Beaverbrook virgins" who did not invest because they had no money.'

My reference to the 'Beaverbrook virgins' was made in the *City Press* of 16 July 1954, and any one who troubles to look it up will find that I made no sneering reference to the Beaverbrook financial editors whatsoever. I would certainly not have done so even if I believed that 'none of them have any money'. They are honourable men who do very well indeed, and I have no doubt they all save money.

What I made clear in my article was that 'financial editors, if they conform to the lessons of thrift that they expound, should save money. In former times they could put their money into government securities with safety, but in present conditions of inflation if they had done that when Mr Dalton was issuing his 2½ per cent stock they would have lost over 30 per cent of their money'.

Today the loss would be over 50 per cent and they would certainly not have proved good financial advisers to themselves.

In that same article I expressed the opinion that a financial writer must at no time do anything in his private affairs which is against the interests of his readers; he must in no circumstances place himself under any obligations whatsoever to anyone in the stock markets or in business by accepting favours or options of any kind. He must not constantly buy and sell shares because if he pays that much attention to his own interests he cannot conscientiously carry out the most exacting task for which he is well paid.

Finally, I object to Mr Christiansen's description of me as 'pint-sized'. I have not been in 'El Vino' for many years and probably saved a little money on that account. The proper description to which I have no objection is 'half-pint-sized'.

S. W. ALEXANDER

80a Coleman Street, EC2

DAVID SIQUEIROS

SIR, – In reply to the letter you printed by S. Leslie concerning my husband, David Alfaro Siqueiros, I would like to correct a number of serious errors. Leslie, relying on Isaac Don Levine, asserts that Siqueiros was implicated in the murder of Sheldon Harte, an associate of Trotsky. This is a false statement, based upon the fact that an attempt *was* made, for political reasons, to implicate Siqueiros in the murder of Harte. Siqueiros was put on trial on two charges: intent to commit homicide, and homicide. In August 1940, he was declared innocent of both charges and given his freedom.

Leslie, again relying on Levine, further charges Siqueiros with leading a group of raiders in an attempt to murder Trotsky and his family. This assertion also is false. Siqueiros has freely acknowledged his role in leading a demonstrative attack on the Trotsky home in order to

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DAILY FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT 3d.

expose publicly the fact that it was an illegal military centre in the heart of Mexico City. In the course of this encounter (more in consonance with Latin politics and temperament than with Anglo-Saxon) *there were no casualties on either side.* In the same trial in August 1940, in which Siqueiros was declared innocent of any implication in the death of Harte, he also was charged with minor infractions of the law as a result of his own declarations concerning the raid on the Trotsky house. These minor charges were subsequently cancelled by judicial decree.

More pertinent at the present time than these events of 20 years ago is the fact that Siqueiros has now been eight months in jail, not for any demonstrable act or crime, but for the *lèse majesté* of expressing opposition to government policies, and of pleading for the freedom of imprisoned railroad workers. For these acts of political independence he has been charged with the vague, all-inclusive crime of 'Social Dissolution'. Under this catch-all law, first passed in 1941, but never applied until recently, any criticism of the government can be construed as criminal conspiracy. This law was used first two years ago to arrest railroad workers who had dared to strike despite the assertion of the government that they must not strike. Now it is being applied to Siqueiros for defending those imprisoned workers.

I appeal to all who value both liberty and art, to express their protests to the Mexican embassy at this unjust imprisonment of a Mexican citizen who also is an artist of world renown. A mural was interrupted that is waiting for completion. Siqueiros is 64; his years ahead should not be spent in jail.

ANGELICA A. DE SIQUEIROS

Tres Picos 29
Rincon del Bosque
Mexico

AN OXFORD REVIVAL

SIR, – In London Diary in your issue of 24 March, Charon mentions a 17th century 'rehabilitation' at Oxford. This was the case of Anne Greene, who was hanged on 14 December 1650 for the alleged murder of her new-born baby. She was sent to be dissected by Oxford medical students, but found not to be quite dead.

She was revived by Sir William Petty, the great economist, who was then teaching at Oxford, and by Dr Willis, a popular Oxford physician. Anne Greene and her revivors later successfully petitioned for a reprieve on the ground that she had suffered a miscarriage at 18 weeks. Petty's own account of the 'rehabilitation' can be found in Volume II of *The Petty Papers*, edited by the Marquess of Lansdowne.

ERIC ROLL

2 South Square
NW11

FREEDOM TO ADVERTISE

SIR, – It is now some time since your paper printed an article in which Mr Francis Williams protested at the action of a certain section of the press in refusing an advertisement from our society. Our society has just had another such experience. For the benefit of holiday-makers who prefer fresh-air to tobacco smoke on holidays, we have just issued a directory of 'No Smoking' guest-houses, etc and have sent to a number of weekly papers the following innocuous advertisement of it:

> NO SMOKING GUEST-HOUSES. – Send 6d for List from Non-smokers' Society, 138 East Dulwich Grove, SE22.

The *London Weekly Advertiser*, which claims to make a feature of its advertisements of Holiday Accommodation, has now returned our advertisement and remittance, with the curt notice: 'We regret we are unable to accept this advertisement. We are unable to enter into correspondence or discussion.'

HUBERT V. LITTLE, *Secretary*
National Society of Non-Smokers

STUDENTS IN THE SIXTIES

The Great Social Bargain

BRIAN JACKSON

Mr Jackson is on the staff of the Institute of Community Studies

How many working-class boys and girls ever get to Cambridge? One estimate is about nine per cent, which means that there may be rather more than 700 working-class undergraduates in the university. How many girls? It's hard to say, for reliable information is sketchy, but if I had to pick a number, I would say not much more than 40.

Who are the working-class students who reach here? Again nobody knows, but from eight years experience of the university and some work on similar problems elsewhere, I would say that most of them are only marginally working-class. The chances are that the father is a manual worker, but an uncle owns a small business; or perhaps the mother was once a primary school teacher until she married the foreman in a Birmingham engineering works. Most of the 700, and almost all the 40 girls, may come from these upper reaches where the working-class melts into the lower middle-class. So it becomes quite hard to discuss the human situation of a working-class student in an ancient university like Cambridge, for there are so very few of them – and many of that few may be only working-class in a very special sense.

Too many people are still beguiled by the rosy haze which has gathered around the very fine 1944 Education Act. Too many still see it as unlocking all the closed doors of grammar schools, universities, and the jobs they lead to. But what an absurd myth it is. It is true that some doors have creaked ajar, and that we can now permit more 'sponsored' movement through education than we did: all this merely speaks for the resilience of the established ways, for an increasing ability to regroup, and then absorb and *mould* the larger numbers of working-class boys and girls that the economy now needs.

What kind of people are the students who come through? They are not, I think, radicals in any sense. I find them usually bland and accommodating, and quite without the free play of the sceptical intelligence that characterises many middle-class students here. I was once at a student meeting where I mentioned that I thought working-class life was a different and distinct style of living that had much to give our society, and I was surprised to hear a member of the audience say that he was born working-class, but that it was his experience that the other working-class children in his district had never had any sense of 'values' at all. They had always shown every sign of growing up into illiterate street-corner louts whilst he (the questioner) had taken out a public library ticket and found his way through to Cambridge. Wasn't I being ridiculously sentimental, he asked, in suggesting that 'civilised' life should base itself on such an ugly sub-culture?

I found it hard to answer a university student for whom 'civilisation' meant no more than a collar and tie, King's Parade, and the novel tinkle of sherry glasses. But you certainly get practice in Cambridge, for in subsequent meetings I encountered exactly the same question. At first I thought it was the identical undergraduate relentlessly pursuing me, but I've learned since that you've only got to whisper the term 'working-class' in Cambridge to stir up this down-to-earth-and-no-damned-nonsense response from the one student who was born in such a home. And is it very surprising, I wonder, considering the formative years already behind him?

Perhaps there were the early years in a 'deferential' working-class home; then pre-selection at primary school, followed by the sharp divisions of 11-plus, encouraging the small child to think of himself as innately different from, and superior to, the majority of children. And after this the fierce internal competition of grammar school, the sense of even 'better' schools and societies further on – all that daily texture of school life, from the Head's speech in morning assembly to the prefects' meeting at 4 o'clock, which makes for accommodation to authority. So much has happened to shape and train the growing man or woman before Cambridge begins. And then Cambridge itself: where, on his first morning, he discovers that his 'gyp' ('memo: learn new word') has polished his shoes before breakfast. There is plainly no reason why he can't polish his own shoes, and indeed the gyp's polishing is no thorough piece of work, but a cursory and token ritual. But by now he knows in his bones that it is not the polishing itself which will matter, but the social act that, with many many others, properly belongs to that three-year training in graded deferences which is one part of a Cambridge education.

It is, to my mind, an ugly and barbarous progress, and it denatures the educational growth of the bright boy or girl – who will leave Cambridge (degree in pocket) to become a good advertising agent or grammar school mistress, without ever having known the real if often raw culture of working-class life, and having altogether missed that fine culture of the race which Cambridge, at its best, wonderfully transmits.

Meeting person after person altogether too like this, I am quite convinced that it is no good making a false bogey out of the entrance system, or imagining a conspiratorial group of senior dons. Cambridge merely polishes up what was pre-decided by the age of 11; and I've never yet met a Cambridge don who would deliberately turn down working-class candidates. I've met a few whose overspilling generosity erred the other way: when they did accept working-class students they took the wrong ones.

So on the one hand there are working-class students already nurtured to over-accept their expected roles in the new movements of 'sponsored' mobility, and on the other, able and intelligent dons struggling with situations (very highly developed) quite outside their assured spheres of judgment. The problems of the working-class student at Cambridge are problems of orthodoxy, not problems of dissent and revolt; but of course there is the other group of working-class students who do demur at the social price to be paid for a Cambridge education and all that precedes it. There are some who feel the perplexing strains in home life, the loss of valued relationships, the extreme difficulties of keeping the channels of communication open, and keeping them clean, when so much in education presses to close or falsify them.

There are the spurts of inarticulate rebellion – the night out drinking in the *Baker's Arms* on East Road when they should have been at sherry in the Master's Lodge; the defiant moments playing Rugby League on the college ground before the Rugby Union game begins. But the ones who feel and think like this are conspicuously rare, and I think there are hardly any women students who dissent at all.

The rich heritage of Cambridge is socially imprisoned. The thin flow of working-class students does little to help and much to perpetuate this. The radical activities of intelligence in Cambridge come from these students least of all. And who can blame or be surprised? Suppose the Great Social Bargain had been struck with you at the age of seven-plus . . . what kind of man or woman would you be when you climbed the Senate House steps?

Student Problems

The problems that face the student are only partly academic. There is, first of all, the matter of financial support. Four out of five of the 106,000 university students in Britain receive some kind of assistance. Despite this substantial help, and despite recent changes in the means-test by which the parents' contribution is assessed, concern about money – and its corollary, paid vacation work – remains a significant feature of student life.

Secondly, the conditions under which many students live are far from satisfactory. A much smaller proportion than before the war now live at home: half live in lodgings and another quarter in colleges or halls of residence. New universities plan for a rather larger number in residence, and there are schemes for more residential accommodation at a number of provincial universities. But these will barely keep pace with the growth in numbers.

Thirdly, there are less evident but nonetheless real difficulties that arise from the social class of students, from the small proportion of women and from the inadequate preparation of students for the demands of a university career. All of these affect the welfare and performance of a student in the most vital years of education. In the accompanying articles contributors who are personally concerned discuss some of these human problems.

Three Good Years

NICOLAS MALLESON

Dr Malleson is Director of the Research Unit for Student Problems, University of London Institute of Education

In my day at Cambridge, just as when my father was up, those who wanted scholarship got it in abundance; the rest gained maturity and some culture in conditions almost free from external pressures.

The recent expansion in higher education is bringing to the Redbricks the students with whom Oxbridge has long been familiar; young men and woman who have come up not because of any forthright determination to win a degree, but simply because the social current has carried them there. Among these new students are many who are uncertain of themselves and of what they want from life. To avoid being sent down in the face of often stringent annual examinations they are having to press themselves extremely hard. The three good years people like my father and I were given may well not be theirs.

The overall failure rate in British universities, those who enter but leave without a degree is probably about 15 per cent. For the honours schools, such as many in London, it is nearer 20 per cent, even higher in science and technology. In medicine it is substantially lower. At Oxbridge it is smaller.

Failure rates of this order might at first sight not seem very great. Indeed in the old days when university education was the exception rather than the rule, and career opportunities for able people without degrees were ample, there may have been little to worry about. But today, with the universities expanding, they have three disadvantages.

In the first place university failure is uneconomic. At present some 30,000 new students enrol annually. The cost to the community of keeping a student is not less than £700 p.a. Even if most of the failure cases are sent down at the end of their first year, the annual bill in money terms would be over £3m. The bill in terms of blocked facilities is even greater. It equals the full teaching load of some 550 academic staff; a university the size of Edinburgh devoted solely to failure!

Secondly, the intellectual life of the university is affected. The shadow of exams stretches downwards through the years. The ordinary student is reluctant to 'waste time' in exploration off the syllabus. He does his stint and sticks to it. A number spend much of their three years overburdened by anxiety and a sense of pressure. Only the better or the braver freely follow their bent and take the exams in their stride.

Thirdly, failure at university is a penalty carrying pain and humiliation, not to mention loss of career prospects, that is altogether too savage to be visited on so many young people on the threshold of their adult lives. It is also an arbitrary one, often meted out as a result of impersonal examinations whose accuracy is highly dubious, and whose applicability to first-year students, necessarily finding their feet in university working methods at very different speeds, is problematical.

If we simply expand our present universities unchanged to cater for 175,000 young people by 1970, will we be committing ourselves to throwing out upwards of 20,000 of them as 'failures' – and most not yet 20 years of age? We have often thought that 11-plus was the antithesis of progress in education; is this failure also to become an established part of our educational scene? The truth is that university education is not, in principle, any different from school education: it simply takes place later. No school would expel between 10 per cent and 20 per cent because they did not promise to get the proper number of GCE passes. Once a child is accepted he is educated as well as can be. Expulsion is reserved for anti-social derelictions. In the coming era of universal university education for the intellectually able, this would surely be a reasonable aim for the universities too.

Snob judgments apart, the majority of people in this country would say that Oxford and Cambridge are our best universities. Insofar as this is true, it is not because of their beautiful buildings or their residential facilities. It is not because they have staff who give better lectures, at any rate if student critics are to be believed. It is not because of better laboratories, or finer playing fields. It is because they have an attitude to students that combines adequate individual care and supervision with freedom to grow up outside a system of obligatory examination snakes-and-ladders. The Redbricks, however, are still thinking about selecting the 'right' students for their system. If they are to do their job in the future it will be increasingly more important for them to modify that system so that it is flexible enough to contribute to the growth of every student taken in.

It must be said that the superiority of the ancient universities in these respects is not a product of any greater wisdom or a deeper humanity on the part of their dons. It is simply the consequence of their social history, and as such it is largely fortuitous. There are not reliable statistics to guide one here, but one gets the impression that the prevailing utilitarian mood is already eroding these happy traditions, and that 'standards are being tightened up'. It will be bitter if this most precious academic freedom – the freedom to bumble about when growing up – is lost simply because it is not noticed till it has gone.

For the Redbricks and for London the problem here is very much greater, for they cannot simply call on other people's traditions. For them change can only come by continuous and informed review of what they are doing, and then by deliberately altering their practices. Here in my view is one of the greatest gaps in our university structure: we have as yet no built-in means for any continuous research into the problems of students and their interaction with the university and with society outside. We have no monitoring devices. Unless we develop them we will necessarily fail to give the fullest that can be given. There is no need for the modern universities to be behind Oxford and Cambridge in anything but ivy. They have staff and technical facilities quite as good. Their freedom from snob value and from the more restrictive traditions is a positive asset. Their attitude towards many aspects of education and of students' needs is often far in advance of the ancient universities. (Student health services are virtually non-existent at Oxford and Cambridge.) Their range of courses, particularly the modern subjects, is often very much better. If they apply techniques of investigations and deliberate change to themselves, they could well be unexcelled.

But if things stay as they are, when my own sons come up to university entrance, I shall want them to go to Cambridge. There may be many reasons for this, but primarily it is because I shall hope for them to be free to grow up as their personalities dictate. If they meet stresses and problems on the way, their university should be a solid dependable background against which they can spend three years discovering themselves and the world they live in, irrespective of the degree they take away. They must not be cast out in the midst of their troubles because the problems of growing up have loomed larger than the problems of swotting.

How We Live

JIM DALY
ALAN S. SILLITOE

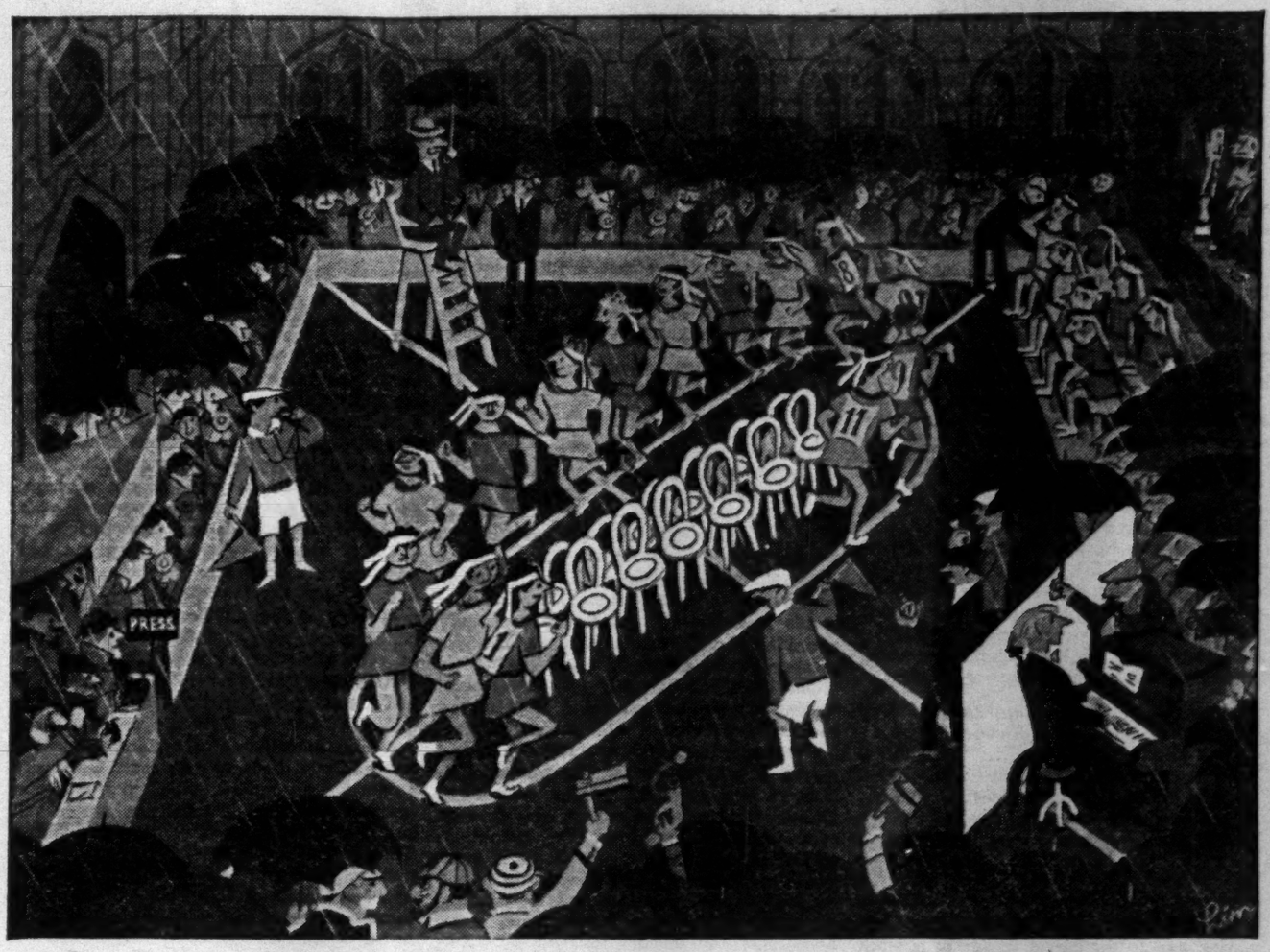
Mr Daly and Mr Sillitoe are respectively president and secretary of the University Union at Nottingham

Many thousands of British students live a life every bit as dull as that of the average commuter, only on less money. The drudgery of the morning bus to work can be as much a feature of student life as it is of the rest of the community. It may not be as bad as the typical canteen, but eating and living in overcrowded Union buildings can be a frustrating and depressing experience. One of the more generous county grants, if spent only during term-time, can provide a reasonable standard of living, but most students are not in this position. As a result, there is an inclination to cut out what are elsewhere in the community regarded as necessities, or to spend an increasing proportion of one's time trying to earn money.

The question of how much time a student should spend doing paid employment during vacations is not a new one. But the increasing demands of the modern degree course, and the competition to gain, and retain, a place at university, mean that from an academic point of view the student should be spending less, not more of his time earning money during vacations. The National Union of Students discovered that nearly three-quarters of men students take paid vacation employment, and an only slightly lower proportion of women. The opposition of vice-chancellors and masters of colleges to vacation work is becoming more outspoken.

In endeavouring to prepare for finals, many students prefer to stay at the university, with its library and study facilities, rather than return to their homes during the Easter vacation. This costs money, and although they may not be following an officially prescribed course, it is surely reasonable to ask local authorities to provide supplementary grants.

The grant system, and in particular the means test, remains a vexed question. At what age should one cease to be financially dependent upon one's parents? The student of 18, having just left school, may not feel this problem very keenly, but the older student of 24 or 25, having done military service or spent some time in industry, can feel acutely conscious of having to ask his parents for a little more pocket-money. Although the scale of the means test has been altered, one knows of a number of students whose parents do not provide the difference between the



The University of Schweppshire

MUSICAL CHAIRS WEEK Every year, at the height of the Schweppshire summer, the colleges meet each other in their traditional university sport. This year is the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of these games, and the rivalry is keen, even though Old Keys have maintained their position as head of the chair run for one hundred and twenty-eight consecutive years. Traditionally, the seats or "fits" still bear the shape of the Louis Schwept chairs originally used; and the piano must be played with the soft pedal down to approximate to the tone of the original virginals.

During actual play the college men shout encouraging cries which seem Greek to the uninitiated. "Boast your rims, Huggers," or that never-to-be-forgotten chant "Bo-*untz*, bounce-bounce-bounce". Religiously, every year old Pinks return to the scene of former glories to discuss the contrasting merits of "parlours," as the chair-meadows are called. Everybody who is anybody knows that the diagonal of All Keys is slightly on the skew, and that the holding qualities of the turf or quad-grass of St. Beavermere's is unreliable. Schwisden's Musical Chairs Almanack is full of strange records and extraordinary coincidences, and woe to the visiting relative who does not know the different accomplishments of Mold (G. W.) and Mold (A. G. K. O.). Particularly valued are the trophies of Mold (T. T. de P.).

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

grant and the cost of attending university.

A year in college or hall of residence will cost about £150 (more at Oxford and Cambridge, where grants are higher), and a little less if the student is in lodgings. The amount remaining to the student after this has been deducted varies widely, according to local authority, parents, school bursaries etc. We feel that a figure of £70 or £80 would be representative, and this must be made to cover travel (up to £10, after which there is an allowance), JCR and society fees, clothes (women spend more here than men), personal expenditure, entertainment, and books. The last item often seems to suffer, and there have been some startlingly low figures quoted for average expenditure on books. One wonders whether local authorities could devise some form of 'ear-marked' book grant.

There are sometimes expenses incurred in connection with the course one is following at university; some of these are met by the local authority, some are not. Compulsory 'practical' vacation work is often unpaid, leaving the student no time to balance his budget by earning money.

Averages can be misleading, so it is perhaps more rewarding to look at the weekly budgets of two students, one in a hall of residence and the other in digs. The former student receives a county grant of £150 – sufficient to meet his hall fees of £5 a week. He has worked out his budget as follows:

Accommodation and main meals	£5	0	0
Occasional meals out, coffee, small items of food etc	1	0	0
Clothes, laundry, shoe repairs ...		17	0
Books, periodicals, newspapers ...		9	
Entertainment, 10 cigarettes daily, 5 pints of beer a week ...	1	13	0
	£8	19	0

This student's parents are therefore subsidising him to the extent of £3.19.0 a week during term. He also works during the vacation, and is expected to make some contribution to his home during this time. He earns an average of £8 a week during vacations – most of which is spent then and some of which is saved for a holiday abroad. Those who think him a prodigal son, smoking 10 cigarettes a day, wallowing in five pints of beer a week and eating an occasional meal out, should also note that this student is a grown man of 23 who has done two years' national service in Cyprus, and is still in the embarrassing position of depending upon Dad to turn up trumps.

Our second student gets a full grant of £290 (intended to cover all 52 weeks in the year), and lives in lodgings some distance from the university. His budget is as follows:

Shared bedroom, breakfast, all Sunday meals	£3	0	0
Meals at other times	1	17	6
Fares		9	0
Clothes, laundry, shoe repairs ...		12	6
Books, periodicals, newspapers		11	0
Entertainment, personal costs ...	1	5	0
	£7	15	0

This student also works during the vacation, and is expected to make a contribution to his home during this time. His county award includes £25 which is intended to cover vacation expenses. Clearly it does not.

One often encounters in discussions upon student expenditure something of a puritan hangover – the look of astonishment on hearing that one has an electric razor, a record player, or a motor scooter; the glib recollections of early hardship at the extra-mural classes or the university college. One does not condemn such experience or belittle its achievement, but where is the logic in wanting to perpetuate it? The government is calling for more students: it should be prepared to offer an incentive which more nearly approaches the income received by young people outside the universities.

A Room of One's Own

W. W. DANIEL

Mr Daniel is an undergraduate at Manchester University

How far are the conditions under which students live in conflict with the traditional concept of the liberal education? Though I can speak in detail only of Manchester, I suspect that the problems here differ from other provincial universities only in degree.

Unless he lives at home the undergraduate is faced with these alternatives for accommodation: 'digs' (2,443 last year), a flat (1,310), or a hall of residence (1,274). The chances are that, under parental pressure or pedagogue advice, he will apply for hall but will probably end up in digs. Though his digs are likely to be a considerable distance from the university, very many are outside a ten-mile radius (some at a 20-mile radius) and most are more than four or five miles away. Opportunities for 'taking full advantage of all the facilities the university provides' are therefore strictly limited. As he often has to return for his evening meal at six and much time is taken up in travelling he becomes a 'nine-to-five student'.

Conditions in 'digs' will vary. All are 'university approved'. This may seem something, it is more likely to mean nothing. It should mean that there are facilities for study, that they are comfortable and that they are 'respectable'. Unfortunately, lodgings officers are in no position to inspect all the 'digs' they approve, nor are they in any position to turn many down. The student can expect, for about four pounds a week (and 15s. a week retaining fee during vacations), bed, breakfast and every meal during the week with full board at week-ends. In turn he is expected to conform to certain regulations and keep certain hours (suggested by the university).

Apart from distance to the university, lack of freedom, the constant feeling of being an intruder in someone else's house and poor conditions, the main difficulty is likely to be overcrowding. I spent my first term with eight others, sharing three rooms, each with enough room for three beds.

If he escapes overcrowding, the student in 'digs' will find himself alone with a family who primarily want to provide some lonely student with a home. Here he will be treated as one of the family and expected to act as one, helping with chores, talking with the family and explaining all his activities. The only fire will be in the same room as the telly. His position is much the same as that of the student who lives at home, a position so little to be envied that some who begin by living at home often, later, seek a flat or self-contained bed-sitter and freedom.

This freedom brings its own disadvantages. Many are those shared by everyone seeking such accommodation – high rents, private meters, poor conditions and restrictions. One case I know is a barely furnished bed-sitter and 'kitchen' where the rent is five guineas and a shilling in the meter provides an hour's heat from the electric fire. Three girls have to share this to make it economical. Other problems are the time-consuming task of doing one's own shopping, cooking and housework. Alternatively one can eat permanently in the university refectories where, although lunch may be adequate, the evening meals leave much to be desired, and are not available at week-ends.

The main problem for the flat-dweller is that of vacations. If the accommodation is fit to be lived in by anyone but a student then the landlord expects full rent out of term. Alternatively, he has to come up early each term and go through the same depressing ritual of scanning the advertisements and walking the streets. But for those who can find it such accommodation is far more convenient; it allows them, time and distance permitting, to take a much more active part in extra-curricular activities. It is for this reason that anyone who is active in the Union will live either in a flat or in hall.

Finally, for the fortunate few (and the small consideration of six guineas a week) there are the halls of residence. University authorities may admit that there is a certain problem with the 6,000 students outside hall but they are happy about the 1,000 inside. These at least are makers of a university community, joining in 'the intellectual, cultural, social and political activities'. Unfortunately, however, those who live in hall also tend to be isolated, inner-directed, segregated as regards sex, and bound by innumerable regulations. Expensive, but not providing a particularly high standard of accommodation, they bring a certain Oxbridge tone to low-status Redbrick.

There are two minority groups: women and overseas students. The women are privileged; perhaps for 'moral' reasons as many hall places are provided for them as for men, though they are fewer in numbers. This, and the fact that 'two nice young girls' seem to rank almost as highly as 'respectable business couple (no children, or pets)' with landlords, means that for women the accommodation problem is much less pressing.

Overseas students, on the other hand, are very much an under-privileged group. In the absence of figures for Manchester I quote those reported recently from Durham; four-fifths of landladies are said to operate a colour bar and the number of overseas students in halls of residence is restricted to ten per cent. These figures speak for themselves. The National Union of Students is investigating the problem of colour-bar lodgings on the approved lists of university authorities.

Thus accommodation difficulties alone make it hard for the majority of students to lead a full university life, or even cope effectively with their curricular activities. Though future plans for a student village and additional university-provided accommodation sound ambitious, they are in fact inadequate. Before the plans are completed Manchester numbers will have doubled, and the living problems of most of the students will be aggravated rather than solved.

The Second-Class Sex

ANNE BAVIN

Miss Bavin graduated at St Anne's College, Oxford, and is now a journalist

Ask the majority of male undergraduates why they don't spend more time with their female counterparts and you'll probably be told that undergraduettes just aren't worth it. They haven't anything to talk about, say the men; they have no poise or self-confidence. And – final damnation – they haven't a clue how to dress. In short, they are dowdy, dull, dumb, a-political and half-conscious. But the men should take some of the blame for the general dimness of women students.

Much of what one learns at university comes not from one's tutors but from contact with contemporaries who introduce one to new ideas and interests and encourage one to read new authors, see new plays and films. Many women students get far too little of this. Entry to the lively theatrical or literary sets is difficult unless one already has a great deal to offer them. And so one gets a vicious circle – because they lack this social contact the women get no impetus to read new novels or see the latest films. And so they can't talk about them. And they aren't allowed to sit up after midnight in mixed company to drink coffee or whisky and argue about life, death and religion anyhow. Deadlock results and a sense of failure. Some sink themselves into work as a narcotic, a substitute for social success, and one gets dismal little cocoa parties in women's colleges at midnight, where the conversation hovers morbidly around and avoids the subject of sex.

But the prejudice of male undergraduates, though it contributes to the difficulty, is really a comment on a bigger problem. Very few women students, in Oxford anyhow, seem to be basically happy or secure, and I think that much of the blame for this rests with the women's colleges.

The obvious Aunt Sally, attacked on average a couple of times a term by the undergraduate magazines, is the system of medieval regulations imposed on women undergraduates. In Oxford, for example, men are not allowed inside a woman's rooms before 1 pm or after 7 pm except for an occasional dispensation on Saturday nights and an extra couple of hours on Sunday morning. The curfew, as in men's colleges, is now generally midnight. The difference is that there is no latitude in its application and no college turns a blind eye to late-night climbers-in – in men's colleges thoughtful deans sometimes provide ladders or open windows.

A woman may well be gated for several weeks, or even sent down for a period, if she is found climbing in after midnight. Penalties in men's colleges, where a kind of sowing-their-wild-oats attitude seems to prevail, are rarely so severe. Such schoolgirl restrictions mean that some women students simply drift on from boarding school to university, scarcely noticing a difference, existing in a cocooned world of hockey games on Saturday afternoon, cocoa parties in the evenings and mildly lesbian friendships.

With other girls the rules produce a mood of defiance and they flout them, staying out half the night at parties or drifting into affairs, not because they positively want to but from sheer defiance. And as the regulations mean that affairs are almost inevitably sordid, a question of locked doors and suspicious hostel wardens, girls tend to get hardened, cynical and ultimately promiscuous, or merely to get sickened.

This artificial restriction of freedom reaches some ludicrous lengths. St Anne's College was caged in last year by barbed wire, making the inhabitants feel, so they said, like a collection of broody hens; and the new college gates were topped with a murderous set of spikes to discourage late-night entrances.

The examination lists, where the women's colleges continually make headlines with their percentages of Firsts and Seconds, seem to suggest that in teaching at least the women's colleges may have the edge on the men. But one can find other explanations for their high results. It is an old story that women students are worked harder than men and in Oxford at any rate this is still true. This is partly a hang-over from the early days of women's colleges when they needed good academic results to prove their right to exist at all. But this is no longer so vital and one wishes that some women dons could realise that men and women go to university to get something more than an academic education.

In any case the teaching in men's colleges seems on the whole to be more outward-looking. It is difficult to generalise about this, but from personal experience I know that one term 'farmed out' with a man tutor taught me more both of my subject and of its relation to other subjects and to life than I learned from several terms with women tutors.

Because of this emphasis on work, women students are often unable to take a full part in the extra-curricular activities which provide much of the value as well as much of the fun of a university education. Undergraduate actors, for instance, who may be intending to turn professional have a much easier time than the actresses, who will probably be told that they cannot afford time off from their work. And one girl who wanted to edit a university magazine was warned solemnly that the tutors' board of the college would have to receive detailed reports of her academic progress every fortnight; if it showed any signs of falling away she would have to give up the editorship. The two men who were her rivals for the job met with no such threats.

Employment during the long summer vacation is also a tricky question for women students. Vacation jobs give many undergraduates a chance to get out of their normal environment for a worthwhile period of time, to travel, do different jobs, meet different people and generally widen their experience. But while most men's colleges will grant permission fairly readily to a first-year undergraduate who wants, for example, to spend three months in Canada, women often have a struggle to get permission at all. Sometimes it is flatly refused by a college principal, with a curt explanation that the long vacation is a time for academic work.

These restrictions of course reflect the outlook of some of the women dons themselves. Some are outstanding people, able to bring their subjects alive for their pupils and to act as 'moral tutors' in a very genuine sense of the word. But there are others whose own world is so narrow that the subjects they teach remain arid examination fodder and little else. Dedicated themselves to the narrow academic life they tend to regard any other attitude in their pupils as a personal insult.

It is difficult to see just what should be done about the women's colleges. Creating more of them isn't really an answer – the women already at university aren't successfully integrated into university life as yet and merely bringing in more of them will not help. Co-educational colleges may well be the long-term answer. In the meantime, why can't there be a revision of some of the absurd rules and regulations which, as they stand at present, go far to prevent independence of thought or action among women students.

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Spain Against Spain

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

What is it that distinguishes contemporary history from journalism? A number of qualities are common to both. Like the journalist, the historian must be possessed by the investigator's passion, assuming that truth will normally be found *behind* the facts and *between* the lines. Like the journalist too, he must be a student of human nature, engaged yet detached, with an imagination which enables him, while standing on the side-lines, to know how men of action reach their decisions and conduct their conflicts.

The difference between the two lies not in what they record but in how they record it. Because the journalist 'covers' history as it happens, he must make accuracy his first criterion, and be content with a snap appraisal of what the facts mean. He composes his story on the spot as a verbal photographer. The historian, on the other hand, sits in his studio painting in literary oils. His concern is not to reproduce the facts as faithfully as possible, but to illuminate them with a reflective comprehension only possible *after* the event. There is the same kind of difference in the treatment of character. By selecting the right angle, the gifted journalist catches a likeness worth a moment's study. The historian's portrait, on the other hand, must be something we can live with – growing on the reader the more he reflects upon it.

Clearly it is much easier to be a good journalist than it is to be a good historian; and despite the Press Lords, Fleet Street still produces plenty of good reporting, with every now and then a flash of memorable brilliance that transforms it into history. But inspired history-writing is bound to be rare. The normal product of academic research is like the art of the Royal Academy – efficient craftsmanship but lifeless and conventional. More elaborate and far more pretentious than the snap picture given by journalism, it often tells us even less about reality. That is why, despite the army of professors, lecturers and researchers at work in our universities, great academic history is as rare as great portrait painting at Burlington House.

Perhaps it is precisely because he is not an academic historian but a member of the Foreign Office who could not tolerate its frustrations, that Hugh Thomas writes so well. Unless my judgment is completely wrong, his *Spanish Civil War** is a near masterpiece, an example of contemporary history ambitiously conceived and executed on the grandest scale. In order to see its merits one has only to compare it with that highly praised book *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*. Like Mr Thomas, William Shirer spent years on what he obviously hoped would become a classic. With characteristically American thoroughness he explored the archives, card-indexed the dossiers and checked his sources. He started, I suspect, with a far better knowledge of Germany than Mr Thomas had of Spain, and he talked to at least as many surviving witnesses. Yet the product of his labours was not history but an unwieldy chronicle, a journalist's compendium. Mr Thomas on the other hand – though the experts, I suspect, will be busy for months correcting his minor errors – fulfils all the three main requirements of a historian. He has seen the Spanish War with a synoptic eye; he has lived with its protagonists until they have become old friends and enemies; and he has assimilated the facts so completely that he can use them as parts of an immense tragic composition – all the more moving because of its special significance for the Western World.

Mr Thomas has one obvious inadequacy for his task. His main theme is war, yet he writes neither as a soldier nor yet as a student of war. His analysis of strategy is perfunctory, and his interest in the actual campaigning so small that he can dismiss the decisive battle of the war in a single paragraph. In dealing with his second theme – the intervention and non-intervention of the Great Powers – his diplomatic background makes him much more competent and confident. But where he excels is first in his narrative skill – unlike most historians he knows how to keep the story moving – and secondly in his mastery of literary stage direction. The Spanish War was rich in personalities, and Mr Thomas makes sure that we know them all. Here for example is Juan Negrin, the professor of physiology who replaced Caballero as Republican Premier when the Russians were already tightening their grip on a Republic doomed to defeat:

> His intellectual arrogance, the inevitable consequence of the entry of such a first-class brain into politics, made him, needless to say, ten enemies a day . . . His enemies privately accused Negrin of a lack of those Roman virtues which they said were necessary to win the war. And there is no doubt that the new Prime Minister was almost incapable of working with a team of Ministers. But he was a man for whom personal freedom was a veritable passion. This, he believed, was at stake in the Spanish Civil War. There is certainly no sign that his lavish spending and living, his delight in pretty women and his gargantuan eating and drinking at all hours (the outward signs of his enormous energy and vitality) prevented him from working far harder than any other Minister.

The protagonists, brilliantly displayed, dominate the action. But they are surrounded by a host of minor characters, comic as well as tragic, struck off frequently in half-a-dozen lines, that reminded me a little of one of Shakespeare's histories. Among these the British stand out. Writing for an English-speaking audience, Mr Thomas has paid particular attention to the record of the British battalion of the International Brigade, as well as sketching in the activities of the intellectual camp followers in Madrid and Barcelona. We see Lord Attlee saluting the British volunteers with the clenched fist; Mr Stephen Spender dining with the battalion commissars in order to dissuade them from shooting his former secretary; Mr Wilfred Macartney removed from command of the battalion 'because he was shot in the leg by Peter Kerrigan, who was apparently merely cleaning his gun.' Such trivia, however, are never permitted to break the continuity of the two main themes. The war unrolls as a fiercely introspective Spanish tragedy, distorted and prolonged by the European powers.

In the 1930s the Spanish Civil War – not the war actually being fought in Spain, but the image of it projected into our minds – pervaded left-wing politics and conditioned the mental attitudes of many of those who lead the Labour movement today. Mr Thomas reminds us what a gap there was between image and reality. We were passionately concerned for Spanish democracy and the rights of the constitutionally elected government. In truth, nothing approaching Western democracy has ever been established in Spain. By the summer of 1936, the law-abiding 'hard centre' on which representative government depends had been liquefied in the fire of class war. Authority could only be rebuilt either by a military *coup d'état* from the Right or on the basis of the social revolution of which millions of workers and peasants, as well as intellectuals, had been dreaming. In fact, both happened and two states emerged – born out of chaos and destined to fratricidal conflict.

The revolution and the counter-revolution both exulted in the atrocities committed in their name. But at first this was their only resemblance. Franco's Spain was a silent state. Under the rule of the generals, discussion was disloyal, politics were suppressed and war became the sole object of statecraft. From the other side of the line could be heard a babel of controversy. While the insurgent generals made war against the Republic, its leaders were making speeches against each other.

The State that emerged out of the social revolution was inevitably divided. Its parties ranged from old-fashioned liberals on the Right to what was at first an insignificant Communist Party on the extreme Left. But the biggest and most intensely Spanish movement was the Anarchists, for whom revolution meant, quite literally, the end of the State and the achievement, village by village, of the simple communism that we find in the Acts of the Apostles. Every step the Anarchists took to achieve their ideals weakened the Republican war effort. Every measure the central government was forced to adopt in order to build an army violated Anarchist principle. It was the task of successive Premiers to strangle the social revolution in order to win the war. Only the Communists did this with conviction.

Of course the revolution need not have been strangled, if British and French non-

* *The Spanish Civil War*. By HUGH THOMAS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 42*s*.

intervention had not forced the Republic to accept Russian arms and Russian terms. This was the time of Stalin's great Purge, and the Russians in Spain behaved in exactly the same way as they were behaving at home – reproducing in the Republic the same atmosphere of conspiracy, fear and denunciation. The Communists can claim credit for the Republic's most heroic moment, the successful defence of Madrid by the International Brigade after the Government had fled to Valencia. But they also killed the cause of freedom. By the time its armies had been crushed by superior German equipment, the Republic had become a bureaucratic war machine, more civilised but less efficient than Franco's. War is a great leveller, even of ideologies, and the Spanish War was no exception.

As for non-intervention, Mr Thomas shows that this prolonged orgy of lying and self-deception was far more demoralising than the sudden surrender of Munich. Yet, until it was too late to help, it was supported not merely by the appeasers, Baldwin and Chamberlain, but by Sir Anthony Eden, Sir Winston Churchill and, above all, Franklin Roosevelt. The excuse they all gave was that Western aid for the Republic would mean general war. Mr Thomas shows that this excuse was unjustified, for Hitler's intervention was as half-hearted as Stalin's. Apart from testing out new weapons and obtaining mining rights – the price he extracted for winning Franco's last offensive – Hitler was concerned simply to prevent a Russian victory. As for Stalin – at least until Munich – he cared more about involving Britain and France in an alliance against Hitler than saving the Republic. So the journalists out in Spain and the left-wingers demonstrating in Whitehall were right – and the practical politicians were wrong. As for the historian, his lesson always comes too late.

The Artist in Middle Age

Weather foul but calm, twirling
the anemometer like a musical thing,
as if some glitter keeping away dark
upheld a crowd of birds on a loose arc
of flight in the windy sky.
Clouds low today. When was it dry?
All afternoon it seemed late,
my coke fire fumed throatily in the grate;
I tried to write, my face seemed dead and dumb,
a long way off tears such as never come
fell in a quiet stream, and then
it seemed that nothing had been spoken.
Outside, wind quietly tramples on
the year's autumnal decoration.

PETER LEVI

Lines on the Liberation of Cuba

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Poetry and Poverty

The First Bohemian: The Life of Henry Murger. By ROBERT BALDICK. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*

It is easy enough to see why there is a long-standing association between literature and riotous poverty: as soon as it becomes even remotely possible to live by writing it turns out that far too many people have the basic equipment to try it. Hence the supperless Grub Street enemies of Pope; hence the reaction of the young Samuel Johnson, poor and diseased – 'Ah, Sir, I was mad and violent . . . I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and authority.' And such beginnings often implant the habit of poverty, as they did in Johnson's friend Savage, and – according to Mr Ellmann – in Joyce; even if they survived long enough to make money they had no sensible use for it. 'Bohemia,' said Murger, 'is the probationary period of artistic life – it is the preface to the Academy, the Hôtel-Dieu, or the Morgue.' Rarely to the first.

But these economic explanations do not account for the way in which Bohemia became the object of sentimental public interest, and an important part of the mythology of modern literature. Grub Street is metamorphosed, poverty finds gay or graceful attitudes, hunger and disease become mere elements of the image of bittersweet youth. Living conditions that give rise to guilt or indignation if the victims are merely poor seem delightful, even enviable, when they are artists, handsome boisterous fellows who live on coffee and bread, and play house with tuberculous grisettes. The difference between myth and reality is perfectly well understood by everybody concerned; as Gautier said at about the time Murger was writing his book,

> Une mansarde est toujours triste,
> Le grenier n'est beau qu'en chanson.

And when a Bohemian escapes, as Murger partly did, he has small regret for what he has left behind. Murger despised amateur Bohemians, who could at any moment pull out and retire to the provinces with their memories: yet it is for the amateur that *Scènes de la Bohème* is intended. Here Bohemia is not a habitat but a subject for the artist, treated with an agreeable tender cynicism. But it is precisely in dwelling upon the economic and moral symptoms of his estrangement that a man increases his Romantic isolation, and – recollecting his lowered life-expectancy – develops a sense of imminent personal tragedy. Thus what is a pleasant diversion for the amateur becomes the central topic of the artist.

In a chastened form the image of Bohemia remains part of the pattern of literary life. It is not easy to be as poor as Murger and his friends, and some dangers – notably those of hospitals and doctors with their vast overdoses of arsenic – have diminished. But in less direct ways a degree of antinomianism remains an index of literary culture. Yeats's tragic generation of yesterday and the divinised *clochard* of today are descendants of Murger and his friends; we are as interested as ever in what Yeats called the 'exorbitant dreams of beggary.' The interest of Murger is greatly increased if you reflect that *Scènes de la Bohème* belongs to the time and milieu of *Emaux et Camées* and *Les Fleurs du Mal;* Baudelaire's book stands to Murger's as the Greater to the Lesser Mystery.

Throughout the career Dr Baldick has described, Murger, the son of a concierge, and strangely respectful of the bourgeoisie, cultivated the tone that made his book successful, a blend of cynicism and sentimentality. Certain love-emblems associated with the first Mimi were carried about from apartment to apartment, surviving all her successors; yet, according to the Goncourts, he had a 'uterine obsession with women . . . the need . . . to cradle his erotico-lymphatic muse in the lap of some slut or other.' To illustrate his awareness of the basic brutality of the kind of life he led, Dr Baldick quotes from a correspondence between Murger and a schoolfriend, a professor at Toulouse: 'It is all very well for people to paint Bohemia in rosy colours, it will always be a sad and sorry existence, and for my part, I consider those who live a calm, orderly life in their own home as supremely happy . . . I am frittering my life away and doing shameful things to go on living it.'

Dr Baldick does not ask us to believe that Murger was a writer of high intelligence or imagination. He properly deplores the spite of the Goncourts, which pursued Murger to his dreadful deathbed; yet in calling Murger the celebrant of a proletarian literature they were accurate enough; and in attributing his final sufferings to the *vie de Bohème,* savage as they may have seemed, they were probably right. All the same they show up badly beside Nadar, who stayed with Murger to the end. (Some of his photographs pleasantly illustrate this book.) Dr Baldick is a practised biographer, and he has gathered new information about Murger, especially the last phase of his life. He might have treated the subject more broadly, attending to the significance of the myth as well as to Murger's personal life and his friends; but this is all the same an agreeable and entertaining book.

FRANK KERMODE

Under the Drier

Edith Sitwell: The Hymn to Life. By GEOFFREY SINGLETON. *Fortune Press.* 18*s.*

John Betjeman. By DEREK STANFORD. *Spearman.* 16*s.*

Mr Singleton's book about Edith Sitwell is about Eisenstein, Bach, Boehme, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, G. Wilson Knight, Hiroshima and others. However, it includes a full-length description of Dame Edith's person and dress ('on occasion, she may wear a gold-embroidered coat of a sombre Rembrandtesque richness . . .') of the sort you expect to read in a woman's magazine under the drier. It also makes a number of blank assertions concerning her work, such as (of the later poetry): 'The structural majesty of the simple and noble sentences amply moulds the grave yet resplendent thought illuminating the dedicated aspirations and ultimate destiny of humanity.' Or: '*King Lear* is Shakespeare's *Song of the Cold.*' This latter *trouvaille* leads into a lengthy résumé of *King Lear* and its symbolicality, Mr Wilson Knight's reflections thereon, and various accounts of the dropping of the first atomic bombs.

A humane reviewer would be content to leave it at that – but for Mr Singleton's insistence on the superiority of Dame Edith over Wilfred Owen. The latter, he claims, has 'no gleam of faith or hope in the future' and 'exploits pity merely to deplore war, which . . . renders him incapable of depersonalising the tragedy.' Dame Edith, on the other hand, 'transcends the tragedy; she inspires hope, counsels belief' and so on. Has Mr Singleton *read* Owen? And what, please, is this 'depersonalised tragedy' so dear to critics and professors of literature? If it *is* depersonalised, then it is not tragedy. The universal implications which Mr Singleton presumably has in mind stem from, and can only stem from, personal implications. Writers who detach tragedy from the persons who suffer it are generally to be seen soon after wearing someone else's bleeding heart on their own safe sleeves – an odious transaction. And an odious transaction is what Dame Edith's Atomic poetry seems to me to be. Likewise Mr Wilson Knight's symbolicising, if he is fairly quoted by Mr Singleton: 'for one deathless instant, within that unearthly incandescence, it [*Hiroshima*] lived beneath creation's burning kiss.' The only decent symbol afforded by the Bomb is the one that used to hang in the museum at Hiroshima: a pair of woman's working trousers with the seat entirely gone. Yes, a burning kiss.

If I were convinced of Dame Edith's overwhelming genius beforehand, this book would leave me badly shaken. As it is, it leaves me further convinced that the parrot slogan about ours being 'an Age of Criticism' should be uttered more in chagrin than in complacence. For the sake of fairness, however, I reproduce another review of this book as stamped on the front wrapper: 'Mr Singleton's highly intelligent and learned book has given me, its subject, deep satisfaction. It could not, in my opinion, be bettered.'

It is a relief to turn to . . . Often one uses that phrase in the course of reviewing when it would be a much greater relief to go to the cinema or to sleep. But in fact Mr Stanford's study of John Betjeman is a different kettle of fried fish. A temperate, chatty piece of vulgarisation – if of material which some may consider sufficiently vulgar already. 'Bullying left its mark upon the poet.' 'The man who was sacked . . . sacked . . . sacked has now become a leading commentator of our day.' Betjemanship is much better left to Betjeman.

Though livelier and much less portentous, this book is hardly more cogent than Mr Singleton's. 'It would be a pity to scale-down Mr Betjeman to a pocket-laureate of the Establishment,' says Mr Stanford, yet he does little to scale Mr Betjeman up. He is eager to refute the charge of snobbery, but the poems and prose he adduces rather confirm the accusation.

> An eight-hour day for all, and more than three
> Of these are occupied in making tea . . .

Surely (and disregarding the Betjeman family's domestic staffing) this is a bit on the crude side? Mr Stanford argues that 'between the reality of a social class and some ideological image of it, there is all the difference in the world.' In the world, yes, but not always in John Betjeman. His ideology is more social than political and probably more aesthetic than social; and his images are often watered-down versions of Lil and the typist and the small house-agent's clerk from *The Waste Land.*

To judge from the gingerly way Mr Stanford handles such phraseology as 'this dialectic between *felt* doubt and *wished-for* faith,' he doesn't feel altogether sure of its congruity to his theme. If pressed, he might well agree that his subject is nearer to Edward Lear than to *King Lear.* Indeed, but for the unambiguous way in which he points us to what is probably Betjeman's best poem,

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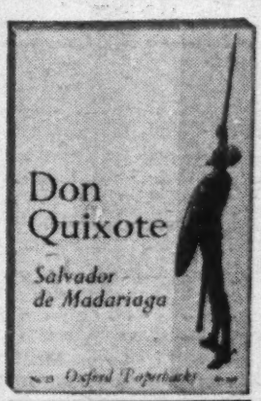

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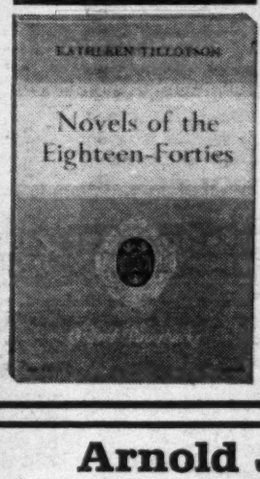

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Devonshire Street W1, we should wonder whether Mr Stanford's tongue isn't largely in his cheek. His book begins with this fanfare: 'When a Royal Princess speaks of a poet, as Princess Margaret did of Mr Betjeman, as her good friend and recommends his work, the nation as a whole is intrigued and listens.' It ends with a remark made by a lady friend of the author: 'He is the sort of poet you expect to read about in a woman's magazine under the drier.'

D. J. ENRIGHT

Last of Lands

Poems. By A. D. HOPE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

The Lion and the Lady. By EMMA SWAN. *Linden Press.* 16*s.*

Poems. By EMMA SWAN. *Linden Press.* 16*s.*

Poems. By VLADIMIR NABOKOV. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A. D. Hope is the poet of a new country, but he shows us Australia as 'the last of lands, the emptiest'. Faced with cities 'like five teeming sores', 'a vast parasite robber-state', he nevertheless clings to the hope that deserts breed prophets and of escaping 'the chatter of cultured apes' there. In his desert (which is rather like ours) he is driven to pray for 'foes worth cursing'. His frequent exacerbation points to the difficulty, not only of the satirical poet in Australia, but wherever he now exists. Princes feared Aretino and ministers feared Pope, but the satirist is left alone to nag nowadays. With Hope, satiric fury becomes a sort of frenzy of isolation in which he devises torments for telly ad-men. One feels, and it looks reassuringly as if Hope has begun to feel, that this kind of anger needs correctives if it is to stay sane, as does his Yeatsian worship of 'intemperate will and incorruptible pride.' Significantly he admires Blake's 'towers of vision', Milton, Swift, Yeats himself – and the builders of the pyramids.

It would take a very good poet indeed to make something of all this and Hope *is* a very good poet. He realises in *Epistle to Holofernes* his need to balance the heroic and the human, and removes the mask of the Captain of the Host:

> If in heroic couplets, then, I seem
> To cut the ground from an heroic theme,
> It is not that I mock at love, or you,
> But, living two lives, know both of them are true.
> There's a hard thing, and yet it must be done,
> Which is: to see and live them both as one.

With Byronic audacity he looks back to the high style of the 18th century. Leconte de Lisle's shark turns up again as Hope's labra, the drama of de Vigny's Samson and Delilah is re-enacted in poems of bitter eroticism, Baudelaire's Don Juan resurrected in 'The Damnation of Byron' – the debt to French poets is to all those who show an ambiguous and Byronic reliance on tonal resonances from a previous century. The debt survives, perhaps, too often as gesture rather than moral authority; and one is aware in Hope's less successful pieces of a rigidity in his hero-worship foreign to those great writers of the 17th and 18th centuries whose spirit he admires.

The Penguin Book of Australian Verse tells us that Hope parallels 'the self-limited and deliberately controlled activity of post-war English poets.' But what poems of the fifties come within hailing distance of 'The Death of the Bird', 'Imperial Adam', 'Lot and his Daughters' I and II? The problems faced by Hope as a man and as an Australian are more important than any affinity with post-war England and Hope's 'control' is a measure of the power he brings to facing these problems.

The Lion and The Lady is Emma Swan's first collection, but the poise and accuracy of such poems as 'The Noble Savage', 'A Meteor', 'Fish', 'The Searchlight' would scarcely betray this to the reader. Her range is narrow but compact and it has something of the joyful scrupulousness one finds in the best American verse. In 'The Bridges are Down', for example, she has learned that lesson, from the experiments of Cummings and Williams, of letting the look of the poem on the page prompt and regulate *through the eye* the precise tone of the voice. Most of us have yet to find out about this aesthetic experience, the secret of which is bound up with the speed at which, word by word and cadence by cadence, the elements of the poem are permitted to come into view. Again, she shows in 'Identical Mirrors' a quality that Eliot has admired in Miss Moore – the satirical use of what is 'simply the curious jargon produced in America by universal education'. (He instances 'vestibule of experience', 'diminished vitality', 'arrested prosperity'.) *The Lion and the Lady* is, in fact, often so individual that, in coming on her later work, *Poems*, one suffers a disappointment. The sweetened moan of vulnerability, the self-enclosed, often bathetic expression of the pains of love reveal that she hasn't, as yet, satisfactorily extended her range.

Nabokov's *Poems* are chiefly light-weight. They have a fluency that persistently treads on the edge of over-professional facility, and yet often redeems itself by some instinctive grace. 'On Translating Eugene Onegin' and particularly 'An Evening of Russian Poetry' contain good sketches, a controlled nostalgia, a wit that isn't merely slick. There are good jokes in 'The Ballad of Longwood Glen', but others again are sadly New Yorkerish whimsy. By and large, words come to him too easily for us to believe he has ever known that resistant silence from which the deeper poetry emerges.

CHARLES TOMLINSON

Grand Old Marxist

H. M. Hyndman and British Socialism. By CHUSHICHI TSUZUKI. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

H. M. Hyndman was the first and firmest of British Marxists. In some ways he could rival his master. He had as opulent a beard, dogmatic self-confidence, and an unflagging gift for quarrelling with his associates. Otherwise, to borrow a phrase from Burke, he had all the nodosities of the oak without its strength, all the contortions of the sybil without the inspiration. His books, lifted from Marx without acknowledgement, lacked originality, and have long been unread. He did not create a powerful party. He did not discover how to win the backing of the working class. He made out that this was their fault, not his. 'I fail to detect among the English workers that class consciousness and class antagonism without which no good whatever can be done . . . As one of the highly-educated well-to-do class myself, I am quite astounded at the ignorance and apathy of my countrymen'.

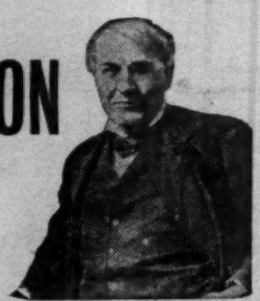
Yet he was, in his time, an important figure. He started British Socialism in its modern form, though it rarely acknowledged his leadership. 'Anglo-Marxism' was his doing, if such a thing exists. To judge from Hyndman's practical activities, this meant Marxism with the Marxism left out. The truth is that Hyndman was a romantic Radical, who grabbed at Marxism just as he ran after wild-cat schemes in his private finance. It is hard to believe that he made much money out of silver mines in Utah or tramways in the remoter parts of South America. They were all glittering dreams; and his politics were on the same level. Marxism was the decoration on his prospectus; and, like any bucket-shop promoter, Hyndman was kept going by belief in his own promises. The British revolution was always just round the corner. It would happen in 1885 or 1887 or 1900, at any rate some time. Then Hyndman would be President of the British Socialist Republic. As a matter of fact, the only public position to which he attained was membership of the War Emergency Workers' National Committee, on which he and Sidney Webb established an unlikely partnership.

In foreign affairs, too, Hyndman also echoed Marx, though this time in reverse. Where Marx had been a German nationalist, Hyndman hated the Germans, quarrelled with them in the International, and supported the war against them enthusiastically. He advocated a big British navy and universal service in a citizen army. He had a good record in regard to national freedom – an early friend to the Poles and the Czechs; sympathetic to the Irish except in wartime; and a supporter of Indian freedom, so long as the Indians were willing to remain within the Empire.

All these great causes were, however,

EDISON

by MATTHEW JOSEPHSON



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dwarfed by the endless sectarian wranglings, the expulsions and splits, the denunciations of 'reformists' at one moment and of 'impossibilities' at the next. This book is salutary reading for anyone who thinks that disputes within the British Labour movement are of recent date. On the contrary the quarrels are as old as the movement or even older. The first question for a British Socialist has always been: 'whom can I expel now?' Apart from this contemporary relevance, the book is a sound piece of scholarship, laboriously based on the sources and persistently dull. It is quaint that Hyndman should have to wait for a Japanese student to resurrect him. The outcome, though reliable, is remote from life. It has the tone which an English historian might use in writing of some obscure heretic in the middle ages. The facts are right; the presentation is effective. Yet it remains an academic exercise, which deserved and obtained a doctoral degree. Still no one else tackled the subject; and we must be grateful that it has been treated now so carefully and so dispassionately.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Such a Thing as Art

The Spring. By ILYA EHRENBURG. Translated by HUMPHREY HIGGINS. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18s.

Next Stop – Paradise. The Graveyard. By MAREK HLASKO. Translated by NORBET GUTERMAN. *Heinemann.* 18s.

'It's not enough for a Soviet man to control Nature, he has to control his own feelings... A novel has to educate, not to confuse the reader.' Thus Sonya, wrangling with her would-be lover in Mr Ehrenburg's *The Thaw*. What was remarkable about that novel, which preceded Khrushchev's blow-torch attack on the Stalinist snowman by some two years, was the kind of education Mr Ehrenburg offered. At one level, the least interesting, it was an education *in* confusion, the warm uncertainties that a man and a woman find themselves adrift in; three couples advance and recoil in a dance recognisable even by capitalist audiences. Then there was the forthright criticism of officialdom; a factory manager and his toadies came under fire:

> Bitter tears are shed because of men like him, but what do they care? If ever one gets stamped out a dozen new ones spring up, just like mushrooms after rain.

But this was nothing new: Russian distrust of small-town bigwigs has a continuing, sanctioned history, from *The Inspector-General* to the latest number of *Krokodil*. The new, educative note was struck rather in observations like these:

> Perhaps you haven't been to these discussions recently, things have changed a good deal . . . This novel touches on a raw spot – so often people do one thing in their private life but say something quite different. The public is longing for such books . . .

and – even more strongly –

> It's high time we remembered there is such a thing as art . . . Raphael isn't colour photography.

This indoctrination in what seem to us to be commonplaces was more subtly carried through in the opposed characters of Pukhov and Saburov, the first a cynical pot-boiling artist, the second a needy, gentle Cézanne, painting for himself alone. It was the Cézanne-figure one was invited to endorse. In all this, it was possible to see something

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brave and hopeful, even if *The Thaw* did show as a dismal, naive, undernourished little tale of provincial life when you set it against the rearing masterpieces of pre-Soviet fiction. Since then, there has been the tragic history of *Dr Zhivago* and the hopeful flourish has died into the air. The thaw was something of a frost, after all.

This may be why we have had to wait so long for this translation of its sequel, *The Spring*, published in the magazine *Znamya* five years ago. It carries the tale forward but no deeper. Rudimentary gestures are made towards establishing the engineering works where most of the characters earn their living; Sokolovsky, the head designer, gets in bad odour with the Party Bureau for losing his temper, but is exonerated; Lena has settled down happily with honest Dmitry after the wasted years with the factory manager who left town at the end of *The Thaw* – she has a brush with authority at the school where she teaches. These problems are bound to unravel decently since both Sokolovsky and Lena are so glaringly in the right and one is left rather quizzing a society that could presume otherwise. Pukhov's jealousy of the genuine painter comes to a head during a discussion group, but he hopes to reform it altogether by the end. The greatest missed opportunity comes in Sokolovsky's encounter in Moscow with his daughter, who left Russia as a little girl and has come back on a business-cum-pleasure trip with her Belgian husband. Mary turns out to be unpleasantly superficial, an amateur eurhythmic dancer and abstract painter, and her father – and the USSR – score off her – and the decadent West – almost at will.

Next Stop – Paradise is semi-autobiography from the hard-boiled Polish talent of Marek Hlasko, who is now in West Germany. It is a taut, exciting account of life as endured by a band of lorry-drivers hauling timber in a lost snow-bound corner of Poland. Men and trucks go crashing off the mountain passes and the arrival of Zabawa, a Party official, and his pretty wife does little to improve matters. The wife gets embroiled with several of the men in turn, trying to get back to the city, any city. More men die and by the time new trucks arrive only Zabawa and his arch-enemy are left. It is ruthless, stirring and quite inconclusive. *The Graveyard* is a study in persecution, marred by some outbursts of pretentious rant. A little man is caught up by the police for drunken abuse. Although released, he suffers a Party reprimand, his family falls to pieces, he seeks out old Resistance heroes who might speak for him and finds them mute or mad. There are good sardonic details; but Mr Hlasko shows signs of enjoying the torments of his hero, alas, and there's something conventional and crude about the whole exercise.

JOHN COLEMAN

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Ghelderode

Ghelderode: Seven Plays. Introduced by GEORGE HAUGER. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 21*s.*

Michel de Ghelderode was born in 1898, the same year as Brecht, and if Brecht is the Dionysus of modern European drama Ghelderode has a claim to be considered its Apollo. Notwithstanding Mr Eric Bentley's curious attempt to team them up as creators of 'the theatre of the absurd', the antithesis between the two writers is complete: and the difficulty for us, possessed as we are by Dionysus, is to arrive at any fair assessment of a dramatist who remains implacably aloof from the modern world, who turns his back on science, politics and psychology, and who regards the theatre itself with barely concealed contempt.

From his statements in the *Ostend Interviews* (some passages of which are included in this volume) Ghelderode comes over as a weird gothic character – a Flemish compound of Gordon Craig and E. H. W. Meyerstein. He was the son of a Belgian archivist, and his childhood was spent in a sepulchrally silent home overflowing with ancient documents: his father was given to making macabre jokes in dog-Latin, and his mother claimed she had many a time seen the devil. Ghelderode himself worked as an archivist for some 20 years before entering into active collaboration with the Flemish Popular Theatre after the production, in 1927, of his play *Saint François d'Assise*, which outraged and delighted audiences with its displays of pantomime miracles and angels swinging on trapezes. But the collaboration lasted only three years, and thereafter Ghelderode has withdrawn ever more deeply into the solitude he regards as his native element.

His work has flourished like a plant in the dark, its basic material undergoing grotesque mutations. The material itself stems largely from solitary experience – his childhood passion for marionette shows and church rituals (especially funerals); his love of the past, and of writers such as Hoffman, Poe and 'Monk' Lewis; and – the influence that first led him to the theatre – the paintings of Bosch, Brueghel, and James Ensor (some of his plays directly recapitulate their work). The shaping spirit behind all these is Ghelderode's Roman Catholicism – a faith that finds expression in his chirpy dismissals of reason and his reverence for the supernatural: as a writer, he says he works by 'vision and divination' alone, and regards his work as an extended comedy of good and evil.

Not all the plays in this collection emit the odour of burning sulphur: two short pietistic pieces, *The Blind Men* and *The Women at the Tomb*, show Ghelderode as a Belgian dramatist very much in line from Maeterlinck; and in another one-acter, *Three Actors and their Drama*, he appears as an exponent of Pirandellian comedy. But the prevailing atmosphere is lurid, sometimes to the point of hysteria. *Chronicles of Hell*, which caused a riot at the Marigny Theatre in 1949 and exposed the author to charges of lycanthropy, is a piece of Grand Guignol reminiscent of Ensor's ballets for red-lipped skeletons: the ritual includes daemonic possession, the raising of a giant mitred figure from the dead, and the transmogrification of a group of ecclesiastics into a pack of gibbering monkey-devils. What the effect of this orgy must be in the theatre one can only guess: but even on the page its visual impact is shattering.

Barabbas, which presents the bandit as a folk hero, I find duller, and thunderously rhetorical (though it is Ghelderode's proudest claim that an early version of the play is performed in Flanders every Easter as a popular anonymous work). Perhaps the best play to read first is *Pantagleize*, an uproarious expressionist extravaganza about a political revolution instigated by a grotesque coven of malcontents and led – accidentally – by a fashion writer, Pantagleize, one of the most dazzling incarnations of the holy fool in modern literature. One can imagine Chaplin in the part. The time may not be ripe for Ghelderode, but a good production of this play would do much to dispel the notion of him as Claudel's Flemish auxiliary and as the wizard of Ghent.

IRVING WARDLE

Minding the Image

You Owe Me Five Farthings. By GEORGE FEARON. *Skeffington.* 25*s.*

The public image of the Church of England is perhaps a 'familiar compound ghost' of gaiters, Church Parade, Aldermen greeted by bland clerics, the Captain's Service on board, the Abbey and – St Martin-in-the-Fields. The image is doubtless unfair, but not easy to correct. This book does something, but not much, to correct it.

In 1958 St Martin's decided to appoint two Public Relations Officers, and Mr Fearon was one. The PROs were to protect the Church and Staff from the ignorance or (worse) the embarrassing enthusiasm of the Press. Sometimes the protection must have seemed like protective custody. Mr Fearon's loyalty is huge but suffocating. His style is engagingly bad: adjectives shadow their nouns with possessive obstinacy, and we should be positively disappointed not to read that the congregation sang 'with a full-throated roar', the roof was 'nearly lifted off', talks were 'dynamic' or sermons 'stirring'. It is hard to keep up the language of high drama when your stunning events are the arrival, after all, of a press photographer or the lifting of the ban on a Christmas Crib in Trafalgar Square. Church Services seem to be always marching to the tremendous climax of a cabinet minister, an actress, or a lady bus-conductor reading the lesson.

A book like this can't help giving the picture it gives – and that picture, though not

false, is only of what is picturable. The trouble about the form of religion that emerges is not that it is boring and sometimes vulgar (I'm sure medieval guild services were often that), but that it represents an anachronism. How much longer in a post-Christian age will it still be thought appropriate for costermen, actors, transport workers and the rest to have their special services? Butlin holiday-makers seem to have wondered: Mr Fearon was alarmed that all 160,000 of them might turn up to a special Reunion Service, but mercifully only 500 did.

St Martin's *is* relevant to this century. But mostly at a level below Mr Fearon's neon lights. At two points he is aware of it, and there the book comes alive. The first comes when he describes the Church's contribution to the 'racial problem', where an imaginative and valid programme has been followed. No doubt this is helped by the Africans' profound sense of the numinous – too profound to be impaired even by a 'civic service'. Secondly Mr Fearon's compassionate account of hard-luck cases and the St Martin's Social Service Unit is genuinely moving. Many years ago Father Basil Jellicoe, of the St Pancras Housing Association, joined the staff of St Martin's. Anglo-Catholic friends were shocked: 'How can you go to a church where they haven't got Reservation?' 'No,' he replied, 'they don't reserve the Blessed Sacrament. But they do reserve the crypt for the down-and-outs.'

MARTIN JARRETT-KERR, CR

Portrait of an Ancient Briton

Personal Records. Edited by MARGARET BOTTRALL. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*

Walking the Indian Streets. By VED MEHTA. *Faber.* 15*s.*

My Memoirs. By ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Translated and Edited by A. CRAIG BELL. *Peter Owen.* 25*s.*

The fascination of autobiography is twofold. There is first the impulse of our own self-ignorance, something which comes home to us all the more pointedly as our knowledge of everything beyond the borders of self extends by endless apposition. 'Come now, in what are we educated?' said Lawrence, expressing an anxiety which troubles us more insistently every day.

> In politics, in geography, in history, in machinery, in soft drinks and in hard, in social economy and social extravagance: ugh! a frightful universality of knowing . . . But we know nothing, or next to nothing, about ourselves.

And then there is 'the fascination of what's difficult' – the extreme difficulty each of us feels in trying to frame the most tentative answer to Pascal's question, '*qu'est-ce que le moy*?' How difficult it is we can see in Margaret Bottrall's elegant and comprehensive anthology of personal records. No more, in fact, than half-a-dozen pieces out of the 100 even imply, let alone answer, the question. A letter from Coleridge, another from Keats, some lines from Wordsworth, a passage from Darwin, a paragraph from Conrad – only these are sufficiently discerning, sufficiently disciplined, to come to grips with Pascal's question. Only these show 'that sobriety of the inner life, that asceticism of sentiment' which Conrad thought essential for considering it. Still, so many and so various are Mrs Bottrall's entries, that they do build up in the reader's mind a not wholly incoherent composite portrait – on the lines, perhaps, of Mr Martin Green's Decent Man – of a person who doesn't exist any more, the Ancient Briton of before 1914.

Rich or poor, he suffered in his childhood from cold, ferocious beatings which left him not, as one would expect, crushed and apathetic but stoic, suspicious and wry. He was unaffected by his education but deeply influenced by his reading, sometimes utterly changed by a single book. Religion, especially of the good old enthusiastic methodistical kind, did much to form his character. Its inspiration left him with a certain eccentricity, an inordinate self-confidence and a supreme tactlessness – George Fox, for example, parading up and down inoffensive Lichfield bawling, 'Woe unto the bloody city of Lichfield'. In intellectual matters he wasn't nimble or speculative, but solid, thorough and often intuitive. He didn't like, as Colley Cibber said, 'to bake my blood with serious contemplation'. At his best, as Lear said of himself, 'his mind was concrete and fastidious' – mostly, of course, it was just concrete. He was sensible of the value of money ('the oil of angels'), worried about his health, frequently given to despair. He had 'a great deal of mercury in his temperament' in youth; in age he was 'a testy old file, very fidgety and not at all a favourite'. He had, like Beatrice Webb, 'faith in individual worth'; and, like Sir Thomas Browne, deep distrust of the multitude, 'that numerous piece of monstrosity'.

A very different kind of Britain is suggested by Ved Mehta's *Walking the Indian Streets.* Admittedly it is limited to Oxford and Mr Mehta is an anglicised or rather oxonised Indian. But what a strange place his Oxford is! When he goes to the tailor, the cutter (what a withered relic of another age *he* must be!) advises him to have 'a Prince of Wales design'. 'That is what we sold to the last aide-de-camp of the viceroy, and there has never been any complaint'. But the oddity of the town is nothing to that of the gown. 'I am not quite sure what friendship means elsewhere', Mr Mehta writes,

> but at Oxford it means being able to spend a whole day together – that is, from breakfast to bedtime – and being able to roam from room to room, sometimes bumming drinks, sometimes taking along hip flasks and sharing drinks with other friends.

Research at Oxford is as unusual as friendship: 'research at Oxford amounts to very little, especially if you had a book or two of poems published by a respectable press'. Mr Mehta belonged to the literary set which included Charles, an unhappy homosexual, Del, a middle westerner who was more British than the British, Pat, 'a talented actor and an Oxford figure', 'three boys who ran the literary magazines of the university' and their mistresses. Above all, it included Mr Dom Moraes, to whose poetry and personality Mr Mehta pays rapturous tribute.

> In our talk, Dom and I often attached 'kins' to words. We liked the words better that way. Perhaps it was a remnant of pig Latin, but we thought of it as somehow Socratic. Of course we couldn't really explain it at all. When we were both drunk (Domkins more than mekins) we attached 'kins' to practically everything. It was just more bummy and more comradely.

After a spell at his own peculiar Oxford Mr Mehta revisits India where, until he is joined by Dom Moraes, his feelings move from

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

boredom to embarrassment to disgust. At the end of his book, however, in a welcome passage which is both adult and objective, he describes a meeting with Mr Nehru. His account of this and of Mr Nehru's maturity, charity and rationality, provides both a scale against which to measure the antics in the rest of the book and an indication of what Mr Mehta might do if he found himself.

To turn from this to Dumas's memoirs is to receive an impression of intense, almost oppressive, masculine force. Even through the haze of translator's English, the endless, restless energy surges over the reader. But the genius of Dumas for observation, which results in a masterly re-telling of his life, isn't matched by his faculty of reflection. No light shines inwardly. He himself remains simply an object of his own attention, and no more than the rest of us is he able to frame an answer to Pascal's question.

WILLIAM WALSH

Shoot the Moralist

The Song of the Red Ruby. By AGNAR MYKLE. Translated by MAURICE MICHAEL. *Barrie & Rockcliff.* 18*s.*

The Day of the Sardine. By SID CHAPLIN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18*s.*

The Misfits. By ARTHUR MILLER. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Sense of Values. By SLOAN WILSON. *Cassell.* 18*s.*

In a Summer Season. By ELIZABETH TAYLOR. *Davies.* 16*s.*

The Magic Touch. By JOSEPH KESSEL. Translated by DENISE FOLLIOT. *Hart-Davis.* 16*s.*

To call Agnar Mykle a hot-rod novelist is only partly innuendo. Driving what looks like a souped-up autobiography, he roars and bumps along swerving wildly, clashing gears, and slamming on the brakes every third chapter for what the Chatterley prosecution called 'another bout'. The sex here, although varied, vivid and detailed, is all from the masculine viewpoint: it reveals physical passion and connoisseurship rather than tenderness, and the moral progression, although real, is unsophisticated – from profane to sacred love and mate in six moves.

The Song of the Red Ruby opens in 1938 with Ash Burlefoot, protagonist of *Lasso Round the Moon*, about to enter the Norwegian counterpart of the LSE. At 23, he has already fathered illegitimate daughters by two different women back home, and his first year at the college is equally bestrewn with partners of legendary Scandinavian complaisance. All this will sell the book; but what makes it interesting is the furious and sometimes factitious knockabout energy of its evocation of a young man's other excitements – people and metaphysics and student politics, the latter with an unmistakeable foreign-provincial air of being solemn and somehow off-target. This gawky oddity is enhanced, of course, by translation: but it owes something to the Norwegian language itself. Norwegians tend to swear theologically rather than biologically; and the most subtle and hilarious scene in this book is Ash's attempted moral and theological seduction by a vibrant male charmster from MRA. If at times Mr Mykle seems to be overdoing his *m'as-tu-vu*, like Colette on Claudine or Boswell in his Journal, scenes like this show what he could achieve if he tried less hard.

Arthur Haggerston, in Mr Chaplin's novel, is a kind of Geordie Arthur Seaton, not yet in the factory when the novel opens. After some deadend jobs, an odious uncle gets him work on an excavation site; his evenings, in compensation, are spent with local gangs or with a local grass-widow. His mother, deserted before he was born, begins an affair with their lodger, and finally marries him; Arthur meanwhile, gets deeper and deeper involved in scrapes and crime. The book's growing darkness finally bursts into a relatively upbeat ending, with the pains of losing a girl and reconsidering a friend, and in the process growing up. Told in quick, blunt, sensitive dialect – English provincial steeped in fleapit American – it brings vividly to life a transitional contemporary world. What rings less true is the aim of this clever ventriloquism: its case-history seems too pat, its workmen and yobs too articulate and pastoral. One wonders, in fact, if Mr Chaplin has followed the dangerous advice of Degas: 'Paint falsely, and then add the accent of nature'.

I feel a similar uneasiness with Arthur Miller. Persuasive, fine, well-meaning, and intelligent – don't shoot the moralist, he's doing his best: but where's the spark, the surprise, the unplanned move that suddenly wins the game? Somehow, even with Willy Loman, the catharsis seems to go off at half-cock: somewhere, there's always a fatal textbook in the offing. Now and then, as here, a genuine chord is struck by Miller's impotent nostalgia for the old America – the same nostalgia that Jack Kerouac's motorised nomads chase along the highways at night. But dissatisfaction with subtopia makes a feeble springboard for art: too often the artist hops limply, like the misfits, into just the honeysuckle-cottage kind of daydream that has helped subtopia spread. In this 'cinema novel', Rosalyn (guess who?), with a Reno divorce, takes up with a couple of middle-aged cowboys who hunt dwindling mustang herds for the catsmeat-canning factories, and a young professional broncbuster who hitch-hikes from one rodeo to the next through a once wild west dotted with gas stations. The milieu is excellently done; and the technique of the book, written like a literary film-script to enlighten the actors on location, is quite hypnotic, at least to a movie addict. As a film, I think, one would accept it at the time: but for all its skill and excitement, and for all the warmth and hope of its final resolution, one misses the knotted quality of truth that would make it more than 'a good film' or 'a good play'.

A little of this quality, strangely enough, emerges in *A Sense of Values*. Sloan Wilson denies having written 'disguised autobiography', but some of the scenes here, especially those describing the pitfalls of success, ring hard and true. The book conscientiously explores the near-break of a marriage, and takes in some sharp views of service life, newspaper work and a curiously perfunctory double adultery. Within its limits one can't but admire so competent and so well-intentioned a book; but one's sense of its slickness quickens at the author's prefatory thanks to 'a fine editor'. Excuse me, but your grey flannel suit is showing.

Elizabeth Taylor can also be relied upon for skill and dexterity, laced with wit and capable of 'tea-table' tragedy, in case one feels that it's all gauze and gossamer. That, I'm afraid, is my predominant feeling – less a literary judgment than a confession of brutish dislike for gracious upper-middle-class charm, at least in novels. *In a Summer Season* por-

trays a young-middle-aged woman whose young second husband is suspected of having married her for money but who shares with her a love and mutual dependence that are very subtly evoked. Late in the long summer, the relationship falters and turns towards disaster; a mark of Mrs Taylor's skill that, as in life, it's hard to trace the crack.

The Magic Touch, finally, is not strictly a novel at all, but a fictionalised biography of Felix Kersten, Himmler's masseur, who used his influence to save astonishing numbers of Nazi victims. A rather awkward translation and at least one character – an inscrutable Chinese doctor – out of James Bond's memoirs do little to sap the interest of this extraordinary tale.

RICHARD MAYNE

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

A Film of India

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

One impediment to enjoying certain of the great works of the cinema is the impossibility of seeing them whole. Once in a long while the two parts of *Ivan the Terrible*, the three of the Gorki autobiography, converge for our benefit; missing the chance, we may hang about half a lifetime. Our memories of Satyajit Ray's trilogy of Bengali life are scattered over eight years; and with the arrival of *The World of Apu* at the Academy I could wait no longer. The British Film Institute and Contemporary Films have enabled me to see *Pather Panchali* and *Aparajito* in a day: I hope the public won't have to wait too long to share this experience.

Perfect unity is hardly to be expected in the films themselves, made over so long a period and open to hazards beside which those of Victorian serial writing seem trifling. Dickens had only his instalment needs and sub-plots to surmount; Hardy, the prurience of editors who might bar the way to Angel Clare carrying his Tess across the ford. By comparison, setting out on his eight-year journey, Satyajit Ray had the whole world to contend with.

Artist by training and advertiser by chance, he had never before attempted film-making. He came to London, saw as many films as he could: *Bicycle Thieves*, *Louisiana Story*, *Earth* drew him out; and his contact with Renoir during the filming of *The River* sealed his determination to make a true film of India. He remembered the novel *Pather Panchali*, for which 20 years earlier he had done the illustrations, and which had gone on to become a popular classic.

The making of *Pather Panchali* was something of a miracle. It started as Sunday filming. The only professionals were the art director, two actors, cameraman. They filmed on location, in sequence, with an average of three takes. Half-way through, lack of money brought a halt. It was two years before the film was completed. And there, but for a success at Cannes that spread through the Western world, his career as film-maker might have ended. As it was, he was able to undertake *Aparajito*, and finally, with other films intervening, to complete the work. He believes that in films, as in any other art, the best will triumph.

More astonishing than this determination and faith is Ray's mastery from the start. The natural touch, correlation of story and life, seem at once to have found their way; although, of course, a re-viewing of *Pather Panchali* will divulge more of the art involved. A whole section of cinema, which seemed to have halted with *Louisiana Story* and *Farrébique*, on the one hand, and the town-threadings of early neo-realism on the other, takes a step forward in intimacy and grace. In a sense, Ray is the Chekhov of films: the close-up faces, the tracking of offguard moments, the natural background, the quietude of non-actors playing ordinary people, piece out a fragmentation which Chekhov's ingenuity had narrowed to the stage. The sort of poetry Chekhov had reached for in sound dominates here through vision. A train fills a whole landscape and childhood; a walk to the village store brings close the enormity of people, of a cane snatched from some pottage; the forest finally invades the crumbling dwelling and water-boatmen sketch an animated poem on a pool's silk till the raindrops scatter them.

The family we might well have encountered on the steppes: father cheated and smiling, going off for months, years, with his dream of plays written in a week; mother worried by poverty and the disgrace of mean shifts; 'Auntie' crawling towards death, raiding the larder and setting on the children to steal guavas. With the children we take leave of Chekhov, for while *Pather Panchali* is not seen through child's eyes, the two children come nearest us with their expectations and larks, their brimming watchfulness. They grow up, poorer than their neighbours, free of the forest, discovering wonders and making their own games. It is an enchanting moment when they wander out through the forest to the cane-fields beyond, listening to the telegraph-post hum, and hear the train coming. It lumbers nearer, gigantically clatters past, leaving a vacuum of sound and black clouds in the sky. But this revelation is linked with another. On the way back the children find Auntie sitting bowed by the path; the girl touches her and she topples over. Death and growing up – parts of a single process – which loom large in *Pather Panchali*, and indeed in the entire trilogy, achieve here a double climax in which plot requirement and visual intensity converge wonderfully; there will be other heights and convergences, if none so transporting as this. With the sister's death following soon after, Apu feels the chill of loneliness that will haunt him forever.

As I say, on a re-viewing we are more aware of the art behind naturalness, if not quite piercing to the secret of a constant balance between realism and lyrical contemplation. Naturalness never goes flat; the beauty isn't posed but resides in motion. Ray is at fault only when story requirements make him repeat himself or insist upon scenes already emotionally drained; and at moments the direction of events may be left vague or too obviously sign-posted. These flaws occur more in the later films, since there the multiple drama has had to give way to single narrative. Like Chekhov again (one can't help coming back) Ray has the gifts of the dramatist and the short-story writer: he isn't, any more than was Chekhov, a novelist, *Pather Panchali* is family drama; what fol-

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lows are short stories (Benares, Apu and the Wedding) linked by bridge passages towards an end. In *Aparajito* particularly, after the father's story and death, we get little more than a hangover of the mother from Part 1 – she must die too; not all the delicacies of separation and weariness, of Apu in Calcutta learning by day and sitting over a printing machine at night, can redeem the narrative from scrappiness; and a change of actors in the growing Apu doesn't improve matters.

This scrappiness has to some extent disappeared from the concluding film *The World of Apu*, since events nearly always belong to the single figure. The weakness here – which only a novelist's grasp could redeem – lies in the insufficiency of Apu himself to the concentration upon him. He's romantic; but how romantic? What kind of novel is he writing? What will happen to him after he's recovered his son? How far are his poses – tilting the head beautiful in a tram, scattering the leaves of his novel over a landscape – realised by Ray himself, or hasn't he distinguished? One may suspect he hasn't, that Apu also has been taken to the short-story limit. These are the harshest possible criticisms to be made of a masterpiece that while not faultless can claim pre-eminence over any film achieved in the last decade. Poverty and illusion, beauty and pain, death and distance reverberate quietly till the end.

The conduct of the lengthy narrative remains cool and intimate, and though I have suggested some failure to get inside the central character, there are incomparable flashes. After the news of his wife's death (yet another death!) he lies stricken indoors, won't eat, recoils from things touched in common. He comes out at last to the familiar railway lines that are a highway for people and pigs; the camera shows his head to the right of a blank sky; a train is heard; a brush of dark smoke invades the far bottom-left corner. Then this imagery of nothingness, of despair, is touched by the commotion when a pig is run over, and the stab of pain returns. It has all taken less than a dozen seconds. While this is a rare illumination, the texture of the films retains its initial freshness throughout; people, scenes, objects seem none of them to have been stared at by a camera before. Surprise is always catching our sleeve. The tempos, some of the acceptances, may be remote from our own, and we shall find the absence of some things (for example, clocks and the Raj) as deeply persuasive as the presence of others. The tattered band playing 'Tipperary' has swallowed up uniforms and barrack square echoes just as the forest has finally claimed Apu's birthplace. There is no need, with the kind of sympathies and satire Ray is employing, for him to be more explicit. If you're impatient – Truffaut was, walking out after a couple of reels of a Ray film – so much the worse for you.

More Ray films will be made available by the National Film Theatre during May. Two, marking the Tagore centenary, will be a full-length documentary of Tagore and *Three Daughters*, a feature made up of three of his stories: Ray was himself taught at the Tagore school, and the bride of *The World of Apu* is Tagore's granddaughter. A third film – about which there have been conflicting views – will be a story with more local satire, *The Philosopher's Stone*. Couldn't the National Film Theatre also make a start by showing the trology in full? But first, an English title would have to be devised. *On the Road* (Pather Panchali) hardly seems to have the right ring.

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Come to Judgment

H. A. L. CRAIG

Jean-Paul Sartre is a writer come to judgment. His court holds inquest on our century, its murdering and torturing. *Altona*, whatever its shortcomings, demonstrates the authority of the theatre; a place between the sky and the ground, like a biblical mountain, where mankind can be put to the question. Sartre's latest play is a moral argument that matters publicly; it might best be performed in an amphitheatre, by daylight, with the town present. But as a play beginning at dusk in Chelsea, *Altona* drops some of its authority.

Sartre spreads himself thick and powerfully over three hours, yet he is still moving too fast. He writes to every jerky second. The ideas, notions, quillets, perplexities, lucidities multiply beyond reason. Sometimes Sartre appears to be riding at a rant. He is spurred on, dangerously, by the fact that his hero is half-mad and lives off rhetoric; but were he not ten feet tall in his own wild estimation, Franz von Gerlach could not exist.

He exists as a figure of 20th-century sin. At the end of the war, he has locked himself away in a room, in German uniform, under a large photograph of Hitler, which he pelts with the rubble of his dinner – oyster shells. He is engaged in dictating a history of the 20th century for judgment by the 30th century. But in a room without windows, without night or day, he is also living in eternity; the 30th century comes and goes in his roaring fantasy. In his 1,000 years the worst has happened to the world: 'After me, the deluge; after the deluge, the crabs'. The crabs, our heirs, are already present in the room; they inhabit the ceiling; and Franz does them homage, falling to his knees in the posture of a crab.

Franz von Gerlach is living with guilt, and madness is his defence. At Smolensk he tortured two prisoners. But the Butcher of Smolensk – his own grand name for himself – is now worthier than the family downstairs, fattening in defeat. They have forgotten their part in the German crime; he, at least, has accepted blame. In his room there is some truth; downstairs all is lies. The *denouement* is the descent of the hero: he leads his father off to a shared suicide in a fast car; his sister climbs the stairs to take his vacant place in eternity, under the crabs.

Altona is a great work of propaganda, a great blast of argument, but it is not a great play. Its characters are not people who feel, so we cannot suffer for them. They speak loud and clear for Sartre, but not, by the obverse miracle of the theatre, for themselves. Although Sartre is an expert with the theatrical device – he gives us splendid curtain lines and a wealth of small climaxes, surprises, tensions – this play does not unite its themes, and so ignite them, until the last act. Until then, the moral issues are too concentrated in the man upstairs. Downstairs, a heavy family drama trundles along on its own. Can the father, an autocrat dying of cancer, impose his last will on his younger son; or can his daughter-in-law outface him? Who is strong in the parlour? When seen through the tremendous sparks of guilt, alienation and expiation struck off by Franz, these domestic holocausts are the merest painted flames. Even the invasion of the fort

by the ladies achieves little more than a melodramatic triangle with an incestuous kiss in the centre. We are offered, from one shift to the next, alternative plays.

But in the last act Sartre runs his two streams together, sending a torrent through the Royal Court Theatre. What we hoped for, we got: Sartre's moral concern, dramatised. Very few men can bring politics to the stage like this lifting yogi and commissar above themselves. Sartre possesses such historical imagination that he can speak in the accents of past and future, sustaining all his speculations. Why does Franz von Gerlach lock himself up: to pay for his sin or our sin, the sin of his father or the sin of Cain? Who, among us, is innocent of Belsen or Dresden, Algeria or South Africa; the long etcetera includes ourselves – Major Farran in Palestine, or the smart officer who led a prisoner through the Kenya bush with a wire through his ear.

The Royal Court offers not only Sartre, but in addition Kenneth Haigh – Mr Haigh in hysteria; Mr Haigh with the tumours of the century on his brain; Mr Haigh marrowless in his own defence. There has not been a performance to equal this in London for six months. Except for the shy concealments of Nigel Stock, the rest of the acting is only indifferent-good. John Berry's production loses some of the German world but it emphasises Sartre. Sean Kenny's brilliant sets are, as always, an integral part of the dramatic event.

Altona is serious theatre, welcome in a London where we have only Whiting, Pinter and Arden to show. How poorly we compete with the Paris dramatists is seen whenever most Frenchmen come over. Last week it was Duras and Pinget at the Little Theatre, Bromley; a few weeks ago, Genet at the Tower Theatre, Canonbury. *The Maids* is typical of the energy of the Tower, now one of the most interesting theatres outside the West End. Its excellent production (David Thompson) of *The Bacchae* will be remembered for many a year. Indeed, I have spent so many rewarding evenings at the Tower Theatre that I now put on the accents of a guide and say how agreeable it is to walk across Canonbury Square and watch a play under the tower where Goldsmith lived and wrote *The Good Natur'd Man*. 'Off Shaftesbury Avenue' may soon become, like 'Off Broadway', a term of praise.

Edmond Kapp

VICKY

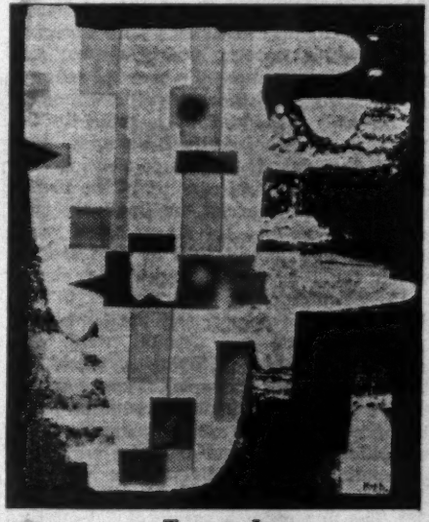
Edmond Kapp is an astonishingly versatile artist. At the age of 69 he became passionately immersed in abstract painting and for the last 18 months he has worked almost exclusively in this medium. Though he published a booklet of abstract expressionist drawings in 1926 (he did not pursue this form as he felt it would lead into a cul-de-sac), his inspiration for half a century has in the main been Life and Nature. Now, in compositions like *Toccata I* and *Chalcedony*, he has achieved an impressive command of abstract design.

But, as this retrospective exhibition of his paintings and drawings at the Whitechapel Gallery shows, it is as a draughtsman of distinction that Kapp is rightly famous. His portraits of musicians, politicians and literary figures range from elaborate academic drawings to incisive caricatures. These penetrating,

National Portrait Gallery

though never cruel, studies reveal not only the personality of the sitters but also that of the artist. His work is always warm and sympathetic. This is particularly evident in the compassionate drawings of 'Life under London' which Kapp produced as an official War Artist in 1940-41.

His love of music and sense of rhythm are shown in the impressive series of drawings commissioned by the London Philharmonic Orchestra and the sketches of Pablo Casals at



TOCCATA I

Prades. The pen and ink drawings, such as *Magistrate, Corner of Music, After the Seance*, splendid in their simplicity and sureness of line, could not be bettered. Kapp's output since 1901 (well represented at the Whitechapel) has been prodigious and, though the diversity of style may be bewildering to some, the quality of his work has never varied.

Now, after several years in the South of France, he has decided to return to his Haverstock Hill studio in London, the city of his birth. I look forward to the next 'phase' of this virile, inquisitive veteran.

Volpone Above-Board

DAVID DREW

Ten months after its world premiere in Stuttgart, the opera *Volpone*, by the English composer Francis Burt, has been introduced to London by the admirable New Opera Company, who opened their one-week Sadler's Wells season with it last Monday. The cast was ably led by John Holmes as the Fox; the production by Michael Geliot and decor by Ralph Koltai revealed two promising talents.

No one, I suspect, will mistake *Volpone* for a work of major importance, but it has some estimable virtues. Above all, it is the work of a composer who is wholly honest with himself. The linear invention is restricted and not very distinctive, the harmony moves in small circles without great rewards, and the rhythm paradoxically makes an orgy of its inhibitions. With the means available today, it is only too easy for a composer who suffers even more seriously than Burt from these limitations to disguise the fact from the general public (and not from them alone). Burt attempts no such masquerade. He works hard with what he has, and by sheer diligence and not a little cunning manages to keep things going. One is able to listen with some pleasure to a score which expresses a certain good humour and a certain scurrilous wit. It would be rash to speak of refinement when there is so little to refine, but Burt is a wise Chancellor; the economy is well judged in relation to the bare resources.

Ben Jonson asks a lot, however, and Burt is not always able to give it. He has prudently abandoned the sub-plot of Sir Politick Would-Be, removed the spoken fooling of Nano, Androgyno and Castrone, and compressed everything else. But the old problem of how to introduce ensembles in a libretto adapted from a closely constructed play catches him where he is weakest, for the kind of texture which he can sustain most successfully is ill-suited to contrapuntal elaboration. The first crowd scene, with Volpone as the mountebank Doctor, begins well enough, in the manner of the auction scene in *The Rake's Progress*, but the attempt to develop a fuller ensemble for reasons of musico-dramatic structure destroys Jonson's own strong line without putting anything real in its place. The result is a passage of mere operatics.

The second act is notably more successful than the first from every point of view, and the ensembles of the two court scenes succeed just where the earlier one fails. The Magistrates are a gift to any composer, and Burt puts them to good use. The second court scene in particular has colour, pace and variety. As a finale, it carries the evening, and that is rare in a first opera.

Solo arias mercilessly expose melodic limitations, and it is here that Burt's position is most hazardous. Intelligence is no aid. The characterisation in Mosca's 'Parasite' aria is calculated rather than felt – well calculated, to be sure, with its overtones of Strauss and later operetta. But the thing is a husk, the very opposite of the hard bark surface of Stravinsky's aria writing, which draws life from the sap beneath and, whatever the critics may say, is truly melodic. *Volpone*, however, is not without its melodic *trouvailles*. The seduction ballad, 'Come, my Celia, let us prove' is the crystallised plum of the

evening; not equally good all through, but it has real flavour and a sweetness that is suitably synthetic. The character and the scansion of the lyric imposes a kind of stylisation – somewhere between Mozart, the Ballad Tune of *The Rake's Progress*, and 'Tom, Tom the Piper's Son' – which suits Burt's humour and at the same time brings solace to his rhythmic nervousness. Yet, charming artefact though it is, the ballad amounts to rather less than is demanded by Jonson's scene in its original form, where Volpone's horrid importunings rise to a poetic climax of almost Marvell-like intensity. That poetry is not retained in the opera.

Volpone is a superior example of a type of post-Stravinskian music which has established a small harbour for itself on the shores of the Continent. At their worst, composers of this provenance are launched without any internal means of propulsion. The hulls are designed to rely on a very efficient German outboard-motor, which propels the most modest craft at a speed comparable to that of many vessels with motors built-in. Though incapable of long-range journeys, a craft of this type is well suited for shallow waters and all purposes of recreation. It is even quite safe for children, who will find that the motor – which uses a form of ostinato gas invented during the 20th century fuel shortage – can be taken to pieces and reassembled at will, since the parts are readily interchangeable. The advantage of the outboard system is that the motor can be replaced if it becomes obsolete; and in the event of a fall in the price of the more expensive *serial* fuel, this can be advantageously mixed with the low octane ostinato fuel. In time of war, vessels of this kind can be relied on to take evasive action wherever possible.

If we compare *Volpone* with some of the products of the school to which it belongs, and even, dare we say, with some of the later works of Burt's teacher, Blacher, its virtues are evident. They are also remarkably un-English. Though far from slick (and in that respect it is very English) *Volpone* has zest and clear-headedness. The dangers of the style are obvious. Jonson himself once wrote: 'As we should take care that our style in writing be neither dry nor empty, we should look again it be not winding, or wanton with far-fetched descriptions: either is a vice.' The second vice Burt skilfully avoids; to the first, unhappily, he is somewhat prone. But Jonson also wrote: 'Expectation of the vulgar is more drawn and held with newness than goodness.' *Volpone* is not New, in the fashionable sense, and it contains some good things.

Productive Errors

JOHN WILLETT

Under the title 'Kandinsky: the Road to Abstraction' Marlborough Fine Art in Bond Street will be showing for the next two months a concentrated selection of this artist's work. Starting with paintings and woodcuts of 1902, it ends virtually with the outbreak of the war in 1914. It covers the period from Kandinsky's first meeting with Gabriele Münter until they parted and shows his transition from Impressionism and a kind of belated Pre-Raphaelitism to a completely abstract art.

For anyone interested in this artist, or in the history and aims of the abstract movement, the exhibition is most instructive. The earliest pictures, for instance, are a revelation. They are so bad. They look like incompetent illustrations to Russian fairy stories or costume-piece novels: poorly drawn, surprisingly badly composed – dabs of tempera on coloured (sometimes black) cardboard; the debased *Jugendstil* of a toffee-tin lid. Nor are the palette-knife landscapes much more impressive. Their painter seems to lack not only the technical capacity of the French Impressionists (after all, he had only been painting whole-time for six or seven years) but also an intensity such as Van Gogh's, which could override technical deficiencies.

The costume pieces were pretexts, in fact, for exercises in colour, and the landscapes, by the painter's own account, were often occasions simply for 'fixing a patch' (of blue shadow, for example). Then suddenly this very limited approach to painting began to make sense. There are two paintings in the exhibition which stand out like landmarks (presuming their dates to be correct): *Murnau 1909* (No. 28) and *Church 1910* (No. 33). The first opens a period of flat-surfaced Fauvisme, free of all coy picturesqueness; the second approaches abstraction, with the mushrooming church-tower shape that later so often appears slanting north-eastwards across the abstract drawings and canvases. Here, almost without warning, Kandinsky comes to life and catches fire, and the ensuing blaze goes on till the end of the show.

Yet there is one very significant exception. Whenever Kandinsky returns to naturalistic themes, the effect, invariably, is very weak. There is a glass painting of 1914 called *Apocalyptic Rider* which is particularly illuminating in this way, since in all formal respects it is just like one of his best abstract watercolours. It is only Kandinsky's banal attitude to the subject matter that spoils it; and this is why he was so clearly right to 'dissolve the objects'. To some extent it can be said that this painter's shortcomings were at the root of abstract art.

So, surely, was his personal history. It was in 1909 that he broke through into the first of the styles for which he is known. A year earlier he had started living together openly with Frau Münter; along with Jawlensky they had discovered the Bavarian village of Murnau, where in August 1909 they bought a house. Discovery followed discovery at this time – the value of a white ground ('of enormous importance to me') and of drawing; with this came the influence of Delaunay, the friendship of Franz Marc. What appears is not so much a 'road to abstraction' as a complete turning-point in Kandinsky's life, and all his really vital works seem to date from immediately around the turn.

The Sunday Ballet Club, at the Lyric, Hammersmith

Professional companies cannot as a rule afford to risk untried choreography, since failure is so costly. And about three times a year this club gives an evening of original ballets in a West End theatre. The dancers, who are all expert and often well known, give their services free, so that the only serious expense is the decor, which has to be paid for out of members' subscriptions. Last Sunday the four productions were proficient: nothing startling, but nothing feeble. My chief criticism is that the work was too derivative; on the other hand it was in no way amateur. If you know modern ballet at all, the raping and lynching in Peter Wright's *Trial* would seem a commonplace, especially with those angry villagers threatening and surging about the stage. Both the setting and costumes, by Yolanda Sonnabend, were intensely rough-cast, something like the wall through which Pyramus and Thisbe whispered. Cristyne Lawson was by far the most musical choreographer, but she had a charming score, specially composed by Ron Grainer. Miss Lawson seemed able to let the music lead her into movement, rather than force an outside element on to the sound. Ray Powell, with a glamorous Royal Ballet cast, produced *The Fool's Tale*; the magic of his fairy story was not of the most expensive kind, yet it was magic, and held our attention till happily ever after.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Among the men

who made the atomic bomb was **Professor Rudolf Peierls**, one of the world's leading nuclear physicists. In this week's *Spectator* he analyses at length an exhaustive study by Herman Kahn, a member of the American RAND Corporation, of the perils and possibilities of war with hydrogen weapons.

The book is called 'On Thermo-Nuclear War': Professor Peierls calls his article 'Agonising Misappraisal'. Unilateralist or multilateralist, all should read this article, which can be seen only in the

SPECTATOR

APRIL 28 **NINEPENCE**

Week-end Competition

No. 1,627 **By Lawrence Benedict**

The Vatican has demoted Saint George to a third-class saint (status to be unchanged in Britain). The usual prizes are offered for the footnote on this occurrence (not more than 120 words) due to be included in the chapter on the Macmillan administration in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the British Empire*. Entries by 9 May.

Result of No. 1,624 **Set by Buzfuz**

Getting Married 1961, recently published by the BMA, contains advice on every aspect of marriage and weddings. Competitors are invited to supply an extract from *Getting Married*, a publication by an equivalent body, in BC 10,000, AD 1360, 1660, 1984, 10,000 or 10061. Limit 150 words.

Report

Competitors seemed inclined to retreat into the Stone Age or leap forward to the 101st Century rather than stay in the present millennium. The distant future – generally possessing a Brave New World flavour – proved

more successful on the whole, but BC 10,000 nevertheless provided some quite amusing spots, such as F. A. Ayrton's:

> Beauty routine: to preserve the romance in your marriage, delouse your hair while he is hunting – and don't use his newly-sharpened flint axe to file your nails.

Runners up are Nancy Gunter, G. J. Blundell, James S. Fidgen and J. A. Lindon. There were also good tries from Doris Pulsford, Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, Vera Telfer, G. A. Cowley, R. Kennard Davis, Gloria Prince, Michael Myer and James A. Manallace. I suggest two guineas each to Barbara Roe and R. A. McKenzie, and one guinea to A. M. Sayers.

AD 10061

Thanks to modern education and the enlightened attitude of present-day parents, most people have known the simple facts about the reproductive processes since childhood, and are able to embark upon married life in the full knowledge of what it means. It seems incredible that fifty years ago people thought it proper to tell their inquiring children such fanciful nonsense as that one parent was 'male' and the other 'female', describing with much imaginative detail how they made their babies themselves. It was not unknown for a person to reach maturity, and even marry, while still in ignorance of the truth. The shock and disappointment thus occasioned did much psychological harm. Some sensitive natures were never able to overcome a feeling of disgust for the natural biological processes. Happily it is more usual nowadays to tell children quite straightforwardly that the doctor brought them from the laboratory in his bag.

BARBARA ROE

1984

OUTSEND BY MEDEP-MINILUV

Wedsex if Miniluv goodsay. Wedsex goodsex. Wedsex uncanful if Miniluv ungoodsay. Unwed joysex doubleplusungood sexcrime (Penalty: Unlife.) Wedsex babyneedsex, noother sex goodsex. Wed joysex ungood, sexshame. Lovely man perhapscan wed unlovely woman. Lovely woman perhapscan wed unlovely man. Suchcase consult loc Medep-Miniluv. Lovely man UNCAN WED lovely woman, ungoodsex, joysex. Unlovely man unloving unlovely woman unloving unlovely man, doubleplusgood wedsex. All bellyfeel sex ungoodsex. Unluvsex goodsex if wedsex. Artsem goodsex. Pornosex plusungood sexcrime. (Penalty: Joycamp, 5 years.) Unlovely 7-day studsex as Ingsoc duty by wedman-woman doubleplusgoodsex. Doubtcase always consult loc Medep-Miniluv.

Love is Hate
Marriage is Separation
Misery is Happiness
BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU

R. A. MCKENZIE

10,000 BC

First catch your woman. This should present little difficulty if you are muscular and well-armed, as your appearance will excite awe and admiration: moreover it must be realised that few parents, however fond, are unwilling to see their daughters settled. A certain show of reluctance on the part of the lady is customary and, indeed, becoming, but need not be taken seriously. Initial meekness is often deceptive: it usually gives way – especially on the arrival of offspring (an event strangely unforeseen by many couples) – to an assurance and self-assertiveness on the part of the female which may lead to a startling re-organisation of cave-life. This will not necessarily be disadvantageous; in fact, the new sense of spelaean orderliness may be distinctly refreshing, provided a watchful eye is kept on attempts to restrain personal freedom and impose capricious rules of conduct. There must be no question as to who is master.

A. M. SAYERS

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The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

The new vineyard, having been planted in February with a thousand cuttings taken last winter in Kent, is beginning to grow, and we can now look forward to a very small first vintage in 1963. It seems unlikely that our stock of Kentish wine will hold out till then, but we shall not be reduced to drinking water like the beasts, for we make enough cider, raised to the substance of a white wine by sugaring the pomace, to provide us with a quart a day. Wine and cider are common necessities. I once pointed out to a nonagenarian French medical specialist in longevity who thought you could live to 140 by drinking nothing but wine, that water was the natural drink of all animals including man. He replied curtly: 'Oui, M'sieur, et ils en crèvent.' The disagreeable taste of water is my own reason for cultivating vines.

It is curious that the very idea of a man growing his own wine in England frequently rouses hatred, ridicule and contempt, although alas not of the actionable kind by which the happy plaintiff can enrich himself; at least one youthful but distinguished novelist used the figure of an English vinegrower a few years ago to depict cranky futility. Yet the effort to restore some viticulture to a once wine-growing southern England has been made in no arty-crafty, muck-worshipping spirit, but in all scientific – and therefore virtuous – seriousness. Mr R. B. Brock, in Surrey, and myself in Kent, began at about the same time, but the really scientific work has been done by him. Trials of some 200 varieties brought from France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, America and elsewhere, have been made and their result has been a selection of the few varieties which both produce and ripen their grapes here. The literature of the subject has been thoroughly studied. Soils and microclimates have been investigated. Mr Brock has built and equipped a laboratory – he is a chemist – for comparative research into the vinting of English grapes. Good vintages of admirable light wines have been produced in practice; and some promising brandies have been distilled – licitly.

Practical results are beginning to appear in, for example, not only quite numerous small amateur vineyards, but in the fine new vineyard planted by Colonel Gore-Brown at Beaulieu and provided with a winery of the latest German equipment. This will be producing wine for commerce. It will not be the first English wine to be sold since the last vintage from the Marquis of Bute's big Glamorganshire vineyard about 50 years ago; for *Hambledon*, the excellent light wine grown and made by Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones in Hampshire, is already on the market. Sir Guy's grape is Seyve-Villard 5.276, a French hybrid with which I began trials in 1948 and Mr Brock about a year earlier. These triumphs, and above all the publication of a new report by the Viticultural Research Station*, will give the subject a new boost among oinophil but indigent countrymen.

Why, since the thing can be done, is it not done on a significant scale? There are certain places in southern England where soil is suitable and climate slightly superior, in terms of rainfall, sunshine-hours and temperatures, to that of several well-known Rhenish vineyards. But these good sites are few and it is more profitable in cash to plant them with bungalows or broiler-bird factories. Commercial viticulture will probably establish itself now on a small scale; but as to anything of 'industrial' importance, all one can say is that 'it simply isn't on'. England, to use Victor Heyn's classification, is a beer-and-butter land, not a wine-and-oil land. True, her culture is ambivalent: her upper class, looking south-east, have drunk wine for 200 years; her people have not and probably will not. Proletarianisation of tastes, Coca-colonisation, and the rather peevish anti-Mediterraneanism of the young intellectuals, will prevail.

Still, we have now made it possible for the waning class of bibulous gardeners to keep themselves in wine. Reducing Brock's bulk figures from trials to small-garden terms, a plot of land 20 yards by 12 will yield you a bottle a day throughout the year. Half an acre, 1,500 bottles. England has one enormous advantage over the principal wine countries: no phylloxera, which means that you can grow the vines on their own roots and avoid grafting. Fungus parasite control is no more onerous on vines than on roses or apples, in fact rather less so. The best English white wine is made from an equal mixture of Seyve-Villard 5.276 and Riesling X Sylvaner grapes. A good, rather light, red wine by planting Seibel 13.053. By using south walls, space in the garden is economised and quality improved. As to presses and other gear for very small vineyards, they are now available over here and always have been in France.

Any gardener who is interested can apply to me for information.

*Report No 3; Viticultural Research Station. By R. B. Brock, MBE, FRIC, BSc. (Vit. Res. Stat., Oxted, Surrey. 7s. 6d.)

City Lights

TAURUS

Laos could be dismissed as an old, far-away story; Cuba as a cartoonist's fantasy: but Algeria? The City came suddenly to its senses, wondered whether the whole world was collapsing around its ears, shook its head, decided that it wasn't, and then carried on, more soberly, as before. Stock market prices were optimistically high and technically vulnerable on the exchanges everywhere. French shares, which have been popular recently with foreign investors, dropped like a stone at first, and other European shares dropped in sympathy. Wall Street, which had risen very fast, and which had to bear with the news that Mr Kennedy means to claim the tax due on dividends, dropped sharply before recovering. But London, which reacted rather sourly last week to the surtax-payer's budget, has taken this week's bad news phlegmatically: jobbers marked down prices a little, buyers came in, and the market is firm. Another couple of bloody revolutions might dismay even English investors, but present prices are obviously based on something solid.

* * *

The real damage done by Algeria and Cuba – unless the memory of both is quickly obliterated – is to underline the weakness of the personal foundations on which the West has been hoping to build itself something better. The City has not yet accustomed itself to think in terms of scoring propaganda points in the Cold War. But it, like everyone else, was invigorated by the idea of a young President, supported by vigorous, intelligent advisers, directing the richest and most powerful country in the West; the orgy of currency speculation was to be stopped, the IMF rationalised, the burden of foreign aid and defence more sensibly shared, the US spurred into growth, Europe pushed into unity – and the wrangling, elderly children all welcomed the forgotten taste of discipline.

And now? Laos was all right, the new man deciding to dig his toes in here rather than there, and the Russians apparently willing to meet him. But Cuba? The analogy with Suez is almost exact. A surprisingly large number of people regret the adventure on principle and almost everyone else is ready to despise its failure: we can only be sure that those enterprising European central bankers will not combine to threaten Kennedy off Castro with a run on the dollar. The damage is summed up in the letter to *The Times* which suggested that the Bow Group might no longer want its Tory leaders to be coloured with a dash of Kennedy. The old men of Europe have gained another breathing-space.

The Algerian revolt has produced a similar effect by underlining the political instability of France and encouraging the old wives – almost carried away, as they were, by economic arguments which they must respect but scarcely understand – to clamour against any association whatever with the unreliable Continent. The fact is that the economic arguments for joining Europe remain as strong as ever and that the forgotten, political arguments are now more forceful than before. But the impending Anglo-French talks, which were to be decisive, will be half-hearted unless the collapse of the revolt proves sufficiently complete to provide a final solution of the Algerian problem. And our reluctant MacEurope, who might have used the present crisis as a magnificent opportunity to announce Britain's final accession to Europe and to dispatch the navy to the Mediterranean, may well find it more personally satisfying to cock an old man's snook at Kennedy and de Gaulle together.

* * *

Cuba and Algeria, even in the City, overshadowed the rest of the news. The payroll tax, which seemed such a bogy to begin with, is now almost forgotten. Mr Macmillan has almost disowned it; Mr Lloyd himself has admitted that it will probably not be used in its present form and that a great deal of thinking will be needed before it becomes a permanent levy – a virtual admission, this, that the idea was introduced into the Budget speech at the last moment as a sterile cross between the long-term levy which most economists and newspapers were advocating and the new, magic economic regulator of which the Chancellor was dreaming.

The latest OEEC meeting, which agreed

TWW LIMITED

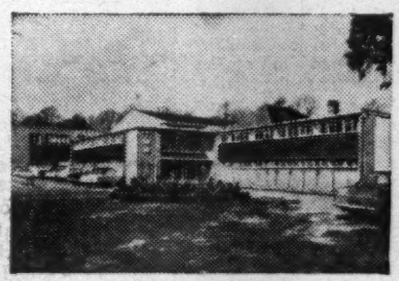
Independent Television for South Wales and the West of England

Statement of the Chairman, The Rt Hon The Earl of Derby, MC to the Fourth Annual General Meeting held at the TWW Television Centre, Bristol, Thursday 20th April 1961.

1960 proved an eventful and satisfactory year for TWW. It was very greatly regretted that the tragically early death of your Company's Chairman, Lord Cilcennin, deprived him of seeing even the short-term results of unfailing efforts. His concern for the public responsibilities of the Company strengthened its importance and influence in the field of television. It seemed entirely fitting that TWW's memorial to a man so interested in furthering young creative ability should take the form of permanently endowing a playwright's scholarship at Bristol University.

As your new Chairman I look forward to seeing the achievements and influence of the Company still further developed, as indeed they will be if the mounting confidence and capacities of our young, loyal and enthusiastic staff are fully encouraged.

Our faith in the future of TWW has been endorsed by widespread approval of the new studio in Bristol, which is the best television centre the West of England is likely to see for some years to come. The final stages of completion and staffing were successfully accomplished during the second half of the year, and this is reflected in the Accounts. The unmistakable warmth of welcome given to our personnel and to our Outside Broadcast unit when touring programmes everywhere in our Region has reinforced our determination to do all we can to identify ourselves completely with the communities we serve.



The TWW Television Centres at (left) Bristol and (right) Cardiff

Our share of audience continues to be most satisfactory, especially for the programmes we originate from Cardiff and Bristol. These have included plays, musical entertainment of all types, discussions, topical and news magazines, and real-life adventure like 'Pegasus Overland', as well as Welsh language and other specialised programmes. Public acknowledgement of the standard of our Welsh language television has been most satisfactory in confirming the value of a programme policy which focuses attention on local activities and interests of all kinds. Our news staff especially distinguished themselves by receiving the only Encyclopaedia Britannica award for news film gained for Independent Television.

The Company has participated enthusiastically in many important events in the region, of which the Bath Festival and the Royal National Eisteddfod are two important examples.

During the year under review the Company again re-organised its capital with the aim of spreading the shareholding, and there are now more than 4,500 shareholders, of which it is estimated that about 1,000 are resident in South Wales and the West of England. The control of the Company through the Founders' Shares remains unaltered.

The accounts for the year under review continue to reflect the strength of your Company's position. It will be noted that substantial reserves are available for possible future developments in the industry.

Advertising

During the year the number of homes in our region receiving TWW programmes increased by 21% and by the end of 1960 the audience receiving TWW programmes totalled nearly two and a half millions.

Television has continued to attract an increasing share of national advertising expenditure and the Company has benefited accordingly.

Once again the Company transmitted more local advertising than did any other Regional Company for Great Britain and this type of revenue also continues to show an increasing trend.

The TWW Retailers' Scheme, which assists advertising campaigns at the point of sale, has extended its sphere of effectiveness and the majority of retail establishments in the region display the attractive window plaque supplied by the Company

During the year under review an Advertising Magazine Unit, based on London but operating from our new Bristol studios, was formed and extensive business has been attracted to this form of advertising.

The TWW region continues to enjoy substantial economic growth with industrial development expanding at a rate faster than the national average.

Management and Staff

The extension of the Company's overall activities has called for more detailed Committee work, to enable your Board to participate in every major development as it arises.

In addition to the Welsh Advisory Committee, which meets monthly at Pontcanna Studios under the Chairmanship of Sir Grismond Philipps, a West Country Advisory Committee has been formed, and meets monthly under the Chairmanship of Mr Sidney Gilliat.

The other two main Committees appointed by the Board are the Investment Committee, presided over by myself, and the Programme Committee, which meets under the Chairmanship of Mr Jack Hylton.

In the autumn of 1960 Mr Robert Myers, who had been seconded to TWW by NBC of America, left us for another important assignment overseas. His wisdom and operational knowledge had served us well and he takes with him the thanks and good wishes of us all.

The Company has recently been fortunate in acquiring the services of Mr John Baxter, a respected figure in the film industry, who has been appointed Executive Controller. He has already proved himself to be of great value to the Company; particularly in assisting our Managing Director, Mr Alfred Francis, to whom once again we would like to express our very sincere gratitude for all he has done throughout the past year.

Good labour relations have been maintained between management and staff, resulting in a high level of efficiency and enthusiasm. You will wish me to pay tribute to the sustained efforts of all our staff.

Investment

The Company has a 50% interest in a television relay company, Wire Vision Ltd, the balance of the shares being owned by Aerialite Ltd. Steady development is being made and, through an associate company of consultants, relay services in South Wales and the West Country are extending their wiring in areas where reception is difficult. During the past six months many new viewers have in consequence been added to the TWW audience.

The Company has acquired a 40-year lease of the office block in Sloane Street, Knightsbridge, hitherto known as Vactric House, a property comprising six floors of well-appointed modern offices. It is hoped that all our London Departments will be accommodated in these premises by the late summer of this year.

Your Directors continue to take a keen interest in the possibilities inherent in the growing demand for television services in a number of overseas territories.

Future Prospects

With new Regional Companies still coming into being, the combined regional strength of independent television can become a still greater force to be reckoned with. For this reason we have welcomed the setting up of the Pilkington Committee and have followed a policy of neighbourly co-operation with other contractors on matters which seem likely in the long term to benefit television as a whole. We believe that this must be in the best interests of your Company.

The report and accounts were adopted and the other business duly transacted.

The TWW reception area as defined by Television Audience Measurement, Ltd

that economic growth was a good thing (particularly for Britain and the US) and that differential interest rates, which provoked disruptive movements of hot money, were a bad thing, has attracted little notice. So too have the international discussions about aid for India. The £230m which India needs this year can no doubt be arranged. But the current, decisive five-year plan calls for £2,500m of foreign aid: even if she is not to get it all, India ought to be able to plan on the basis of a minimum guarantee. But what can Britain, for example, guarantee on the basis of a current deficit? – a deficit unlikely, on the latest trade figures, to become an adequate surplus for many months to come.

Company News

Vickers, having finally written off the development cost of the Vanguard, has had a good half-year, and its unchanged ten per cent dividend is now covered by earnings of 23 instead of 13 per cent.

Gallaher, with profits up by another 24 per cent, is obviously still eating into the Imperial Tobacco empire.

Babcock & Wilcox, the boiler experts, have reported only a slight recovery in profit, but the dividend is now at least covered.

The *Midland Bank* has announced a £24m rights issue on terms generous enough to encourage bank shares in general.

Hadfields, a steel company without money or earnings, has had to raise the capital it needs by selling a large block of shares to a syndicate of engineering firms and financiers.

British-American Tobacco is consolidating its relations with *Wiggins Teape*, the paper firm, by putting up £5¼m for shares.

Elliot-Automation, the price of which has been driven still further into the future by US buying, has reported a sharp rise in profit and a modest rise in dividend.

Burmah Oil has raised its dividend on unchanged profits – higher dividends from BP and Shell offsetting a drop in trading income.

Penguin Books, ostentatiously not on the strength of Lady Chatterley, has come to market; Hugh Cudlipp has taken over the chairmanship of *Odhams;* and Sir Oliver Franks, disappointed of Grandma, is leaving *Lloyds Bank* to return to Oxford.

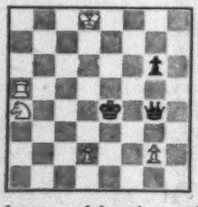
The Chess Board

No. 598. More Competition Winners.

When, nearly two years ago, I announced my own modest addition to the Editor's prize-fund for our International Study Competition, I decided to allocate my own five guineas for consolation prizes restricted to British competitors only. I could hardly imagine at the time that out of the five 'big' prizes awarded by our Hon. Jury, as many as three would go to British competitors anyway. This result is all the more remarkable when considering the extremely high standards demanded by Chéron and Lommer – standards so high indeed that among the entries that fell by the wayside there were at least ten by internationally renowned composers, three or four of them world-celebrities. However, I will stick to the original announcement to award my consolation prizes to British competitors only; and I had better add that this is entirely my own selection; hence, I have every reason to welcome the sensible international custom of allowing a three months' safety-margin before prize-awards become valid; the same arrangement, of course, prevails for the 'big' awards published last week, but while I rather doubt the possibility of cooks being discovered in studies subjected to the meticulous scrutiny of Chéron and Lommer, I dare say the cookhunters may have more of a chance where the scrutiny has been rather less expert and less vigilant. I wish them good hunting and bad luck. Now as for the allocation of my 5 guineas, there was to be a 1st prize of 2 guineas and three 'honourable mentions' at 1 guinea each. It wasn't altogether easy to pick those three, but I hope to have singled out the worthiest contenders in some rather neat studies by E. Allan and R. I. Lighton (both wins) and D. Ewing (a draw). Allan (of Edinburgh), of course, has been one of our regular ladder-climbers for a good many years. So far as the 1st prize is concerned there was never any doubt since it so happened that, apart from his brilliant prize-winner in the 'big' competition, H. F. Blandford submitted a few additional entries. What with their unmistakeable professional polish almost any of them would have won the prize, but I hope I picked the prettiest one. (A win).

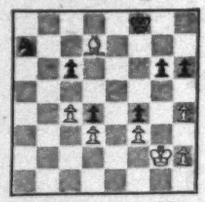
1st Cons. Prize: H. F. Blandford

1st Hon. Ment.: E. Allan

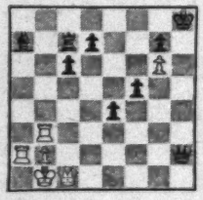


I offer 7 ladderpoints for each of these four, and entries must reach the office by 8 May. Now I'll use my remaining scanty space for another helpful hint on Dr. Baxter's study last week. Bear in mind that Black mustn't play . . . Bd7 whenever White could reply Bd3, thus enforcing *zugzwang*. Hence, these two are 'conjugate squares'; and so are, e.g., c8 or e6 in relation to c2; or e8(c6) vis-a-vis e2.

2nd Hon. Ment.: D. Ewing



3rd Hon. Ment.: R. J. Lighton



REPORT on No. 594. Set 31 March

A: White mates by QxKt ch etc.; Black mates by Kt-K2 etc.; White's suimate key: Q-Kt3 ch; Black's Kt-K2 ch.

B: The BP marches on.

C: Position:/48/2R5/k3K2R/. Mate by either K-Q2, K-K2, K-B2 or O-O

D: 1) QKtP=B, K-R5; 2) RP=Q ch, K-Kt4; 3) KtP=R ch, K-B4; 4) P=Kt, P=Q mate.

E: 1) P-R4 ch, K-Kt5; 2) K-Kt2, Q-QB4; 3) R-R5!, Q-R2; 4) RxP, Q-B4; 5) R-R5, Q-Q5; 6) P-B3, Q-Q7; 7) R-R2, Q-B8; 8) R-B2 etc.

F: 1) KBxP, KtxB; 2) Q-R7 ch, Kt-B2; 3) QxKt ch!! (Q-R4 ch??), KxQ; 4) BxP ch!, KxB; 5) Kt-B5 ch etc.

A fairly easy lot, plenty of bouquets, and so many correct solutions that I have to add a few shillings to the prize-fund so as to make it divisible by 7: M. A. Anderson, J. D. M. Bell, C. Endfield, H. Liebeck, J. Mortensen (a new Danish addice), G. W. Richardson, E. H. Ward.

48 ladder-decade: 1) D. H. R. Stallybrass (824), 2) R. C. Chaturvedi (819), 3) J. Mitchell (815), 4) C. Samson (794) all back to scratch.

REPORT on No. 595 Set 7 April

A: 27) . . Rb3: ch wins at once.

B: 1) Ka4, Bb6 (forced); 2) Kb5, Ba7 (again the only square); 3) Ka6, Bb8; 4) Kb7, etc.

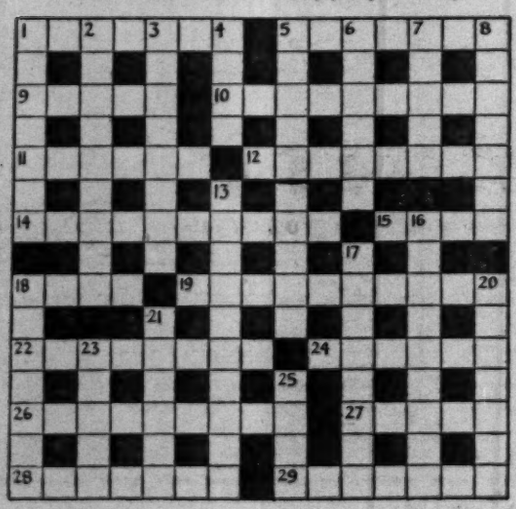
C: 1) Bh1!, Bf2 ch; 2) Kg2, Ba7: stalemate After 2) . . . Rh1: 3) Kh1:, Ba7:; 4) Kg2, etc.

C not rating in ladder owing to misprint. Prizes: R. C. Chaturvedi, H. Garfath, J. R. Harman, W. T. Maccall, J. Mitchell.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 455

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 455, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 9 May.



ACROSS

1. A letter about us on the pillow (7).
5. The weapon to reduce a girl (7).
9. Respond to stimulus (5).
10. Approval in demonstrating the truth is stimulating (9).
11. Ride on in town (6).
12. Play from negation (8).
14. Vouchsafed Aunt agreed differently (10).
15. Drags back the serious student (4).
18. Cups rewarded for successful strokes? (4).
19. A priest endeavours to make homes for animals (10).
22. Survey as soon as completed (8).
24. Catholic in a backward jump for a package (6).
26. Make up in a hurry and perhaps promise about six (9).
27. I go into the scheme for a flat (5).
28. 'The Winter — of Repentance fling' (Fitzgerald) (7).
29. For the fashion expert times do change (7).

DOWN

1. Harassing the motor magnate? (7).
2. Firm after a partnership for Buchan's hero (9).
3. Break in five later perhaps (8).
4. Pinches little drinks (4).
5. China puts some money on the race (5,5).
6. Cancer perhaps requires an operation in less than a moment (6).
7. Foreign friend makes another go (5).
8. A part set about American agents (7).
13. Planner who finally has the essence of the matter (10).
16. Birds having conversations under the rock (9).
17. Leaves turned up without a page being bound (8).
18. Making an investigation in favour of a singer (7).
20. 'Thou foster-child of — and slow time' (Keats) (7).
21. The doctor got up looking gloomy (6).
23. Head first dance (5).
25. The island wants it for a recluse (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 453

C	A	R	E	T	A	K	E	R	■	T	R	O	O	P
O	■	E	■	R	■	I	■	O	■	O	■	C	■	A
N	I	P	P	Y	■	B	L	U	E	P	E	T	E	R
G	■	R	■	S	■	E	■	N	■	I	■	E	■	A
O	P	I	A	T	E	■	E	D	U	C	A	T	E	S
■	■	M	■	I	■	S	■	R	■	S	■	■	■	I
S	T	A	G	N	A	T	I	O	N	■	F	R	E	T
I	■	N	■	G	■	E	■	B	■	F	■	E	■	I
D	O	D	O	■	O	P	T	I	M	I	S	T	I	C
E	■	■	■	A	■	L	■	N	■	N	■	R	■	■
T	A	L	I	S	M	A	N	■	P	I	T	I	E	S
A	■	O	■	T	■	D	■	M	■	S	■	E	■	T
B	E	V	E	R	I	D	G	E	■	H	A	V	E	R
L	■	E	■	I	■	E	■	M	■	E	■	E	■	I
E	R	R	E	D	■	R	O	U	N	D	T	R	I	P

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 453

Elinor Kamath (Bonn)
P. Clarkson (Leeds 6)
Mrs C. Arnheim (London)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

ENGINEERS

FOR RESEARCH AND

DEVELOPMENT IN

GOVERNMENT SERVICE

Following are examples of vacancies at SCIENTIFIC OFFICER (£738-£1,222) or SENIOR SCIENTIFIC OFFICER (£1,342-£1,654) level now available:

POST OFFICE RESEARCH STATION, Dollis Hill, London – research into DIRECTIONAL AERIAL SYSTEMS suitable for long distance communications (scientific officer).

NATIONAL PHYSICAL LABORATORY, Teddington, Middlesex – mechanical engineer to lead a small team on HOVERCRAFT research. Practical research experience and knowledge of aerodynamics and hydrodynamics required (senior scientific officer).

ADMIRALTY UNDERWATER WEAPONS ESTABLISHMENT, Portland, Dorset – specialist in THERMODYNAMICS with experience (preferably at least 5 years) in INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE research or ROCKET PROPULSION. Experience in instrumentation essential (senior scientific officer).

ROYAL RADAR ESTABLISHMENT, Malvern, Worcs. – light electrical engineer for research in AIR TRAFFIC DATA HANDLING TECHNIQUES involving data extraction, digital electronic computation and data transmission (scientific officer or senior scientific officer).

There are many other vacancies for RESEARCH and DEVELOPMENT ENGINEERS and most scientific disciplines. All posts carry a pension. Good promotion prospects. Full particulars from Civil Service Commission (Scientific Branch), 17 North Audley Street, London, W1.

BOROUGH POLYTECHNIC
Borough Road, London, SE1.

Principal: James E. Garside, M.Sc.Tech., Ph.D., FRIC, FIM, F.Inst.F.

The Governors invite applications for the following appointment

Division of Liberal Studies
Head of Division: J. Burnett, MA, LL.B, Ph.D.

LECTURER IN INDUSTRIAL ADMINISTRATION

Applicants should be University Graduates in Economics or Commerce, preferably with professional qualifications and experience. Duties will include responsibility for the development of Management Studies in the Polytechnic and the teaching of Industrial Administration to students preparing for Diploma in Technology and professional examinations in Engineering, Chemistry and Physics.

Prospects for the development of work in Industrial Administration are excellent. Research and consultancy work will be encouraged.

Salary Scale: £1,370 p.a. by annual increments of £35 to a maximum of £1,550 p.a., plus 'London Allowance' of £38 or £51 according to age.

Further particulars and Application Form obtainable on application to the undersigned.

Fredk J. Packer, Clerk to the Governing Body.

BLACKFRIARS Settlement requires man Organiser for further development of after-care work with ex-prisoners. This is a pioneer project, to be financed by the Nuffield Foundation. Experience of social work desirable, but paramount importance will be attached to the applicant's insight into, and concern for, individual personal problems. Appointment for three years in the first instance; salary range £800 to £900. Apply by 15 May to – The Warden, Blackfriars Settlement, 44/47 Nelson Sq, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW
Director of Extra-Mural Studies

Applications are invited for the post (vacant on 1 October 1961) of Director of Extra-Mural Studies and Head of the Department of Extra-Mural Education. Salary scale: £2,000-£2,425 per annum, together with FSSU and family allowance benefits.

Applications (6 copies) should be lodged, not later than 26 May 1961, with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

ROBT T. HUTCHESON,
Secretary of University Court.

HUSSEY COLLEGE, WARRI, WESTERN NIGERIA
Wanted:

1. SUITABLY QUALIFIED MALE GRADUATE TEACHER AS PRINCIPAL. EXPERIENCE NOT LESS THAN SEVEN YEARS POST-GRADUATE TEACHING. ABILITY TO ORGANISE CO-EDUCATIONAL PUBLIC GRAMMAR SCHOOL UP TO SIXTH FORM 650 STUDENTS STRONG.
2. SUITABLY QUALIFIED GRADUATE TEACHERS FOR PHYSICS, CHEMISTRY, BIOLOGY, AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE, ENGLISH, GEOGRAPHY, MATHEMATICS, FRENCH, LATIN, ECONOMICS AND COMMERCIAL SUBJECTS FOR WHICH PROFESSIONAL QUALIFICATIONS WILL SUFFICE.

Applications must reach college not later than 15 May 1961.

O. EFUEYE
Secretary Board of Governors.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS
Department of History

Applications are invited for appointment as temporary Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Mediæval History at a salary on the scale £1,050 x £50 – £1,400 x £75 – £1,850 (efficiency bar at £1,550), a year for a Lecturer, or within the range £800-£950 a year for an Assistant Lecturer, according to age, qualifications and experience. The appointment will be for session 1961-1962 only. Preference will be given to candidates with an interest in Ecclesiastical History. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach The Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 12 May 1961.

THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD
ASSISTANT LECTURESHIP IN SOCIOLOGICAL STUDIES

Applications are invited for the above post to begin duties on 1 October 1961. Applications will also be considered from those who expect to graduate this year. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience on the scale £800 x 50 – 950 with FSSU provision and family allowance. A grant towards removal expenses will be made. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (4 copies) should be sent by 20 May 1961.

HM TREASURY
(ECONOMIC SECTION)

At least 2 appointments as ECONOMIC ASSISTANT, for work on economic trends at home and overseas, are offered to men or women with 1st or 2nd class honours degree in Economics or related subjects. Final year students may apply. Age at least 21 and preferably under 30 on 1.4.61. Salary scale £793-£1,282; starting salary according to age and experience. Initial appointment for 5 years, or less by arrangement. FSSU.

Application form, obtainable from Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1 (quote 5281/61), should be returned by 18 May 1961.

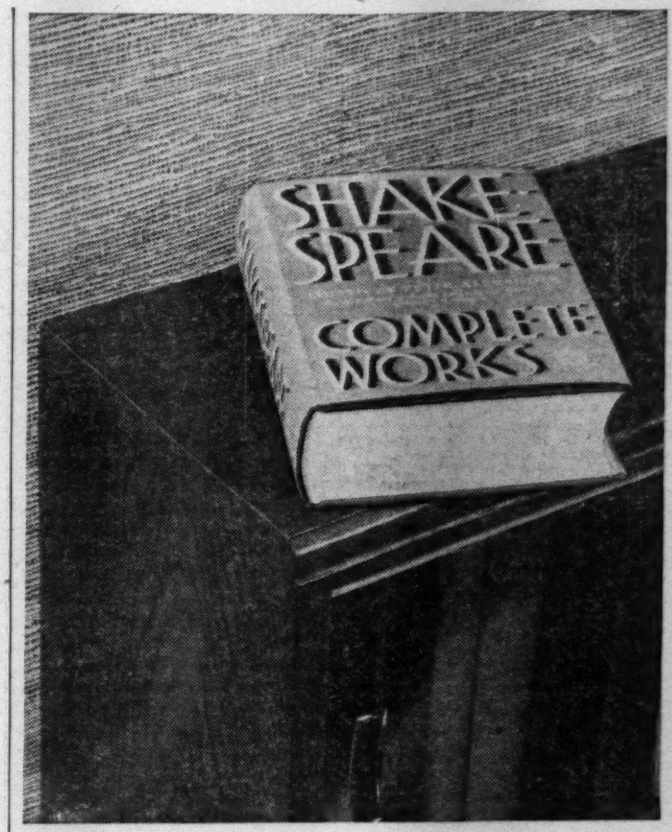
EAST NORFOLK PROBATION AREA
APPOINTMENT OF WHOLE-TIME MALE PROBATION OFFICER

Applications invited for above appointment. Terms and salary in accordance with Probation Rules. Applicants must not be under 22 years of age. Medical examination.

Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with names and addresses of 2 referees, to reach the undersigned not later than 15 May 1961.

F. P. BOYCE,
Secretary to the Committee
County Offices, Thorpe Road,
Norwich, Norfolk. NOR. 47 A.

STATISTICIAN for original research project on London investment journal. An interesting part-time job for a man or woman with a good statistical or mathematical background and a flair for evaluating data. Please write to Box 2541.

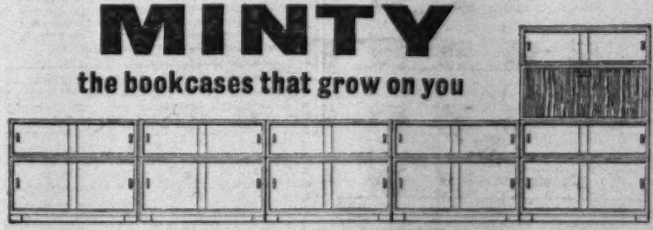


The Taming of the Shrew

The First Folio doesn't specifically mention what sent Dear Kate down the shrewish path, so to speak, but no doubt the fault lay in her father. A modern psychiatrist would have quickly discovered that she spent her formative years falling over books that her parent had carelessly strewn about. Books, like women, are best when housed in elegance. Keep you wife unshrewish, and indulgent about your reading habits. Put your books in a sturdy Minty bookcase that can *grow* with your library. Your wife will like your Minty bookcase; she'll approve of its traditional yet always contemporary lines; she'll admire its heavy, sliding glass doors that protect your books from dust and herself from dust-fever. Her desire to play Hamlet with your library will dissolve into sweet reasonableness—and that by St. George & Merrie England, is as you like it.

Minty bookcases are *sectional* and may be started from as little as £10.16.—on deferred terms if you prefer. Only at the Minty Centres shown below can you see and buy Minty bookcases (and furniture). These Centres are so placed that Minty furniture is within reasonably easy reach of most people. If, however, for any reason you can't call, Minty will be glad to send you a catalogue and particulars of post ordering. Write to Dept. N.16, Minty Ltd., 44-45 High Street, Oxford.

MINTY
the bookcases that grow on you



OXFORD (Head Office): 44-45 High St.; **BELFAST:** Hanna & Browne Ltd.; **BIRMINGHAM:** 186 Corporation St.; **BOURNEMOUTH:** J. J. Allen Ltd.; **BRISTOL:** 50 Park St.; **CARDIFF:** David Morgan Ltd.; **CHELTENHAM:** Shirers & Lances Ltd.; **COVENTRY:** John Anslow Ltd.; **EDINBURGH:** C. & J. Brown Ltd.; **GLASGOW:** 556 Sauchiehall St.; **GUERNSEY:** Lovell & Co. Ltd; **HULL:** Hammonds Ltd.; **IPSWICH:** Footman Pretty Ltd.; **JERSEY:** A. de Gruchy Ltd.; **LEEDS:** Shell House, Eastgate; **LLANELLY:** Pugh Bros. Ltd.; **LONDON:** 123 Victoria St., S.W.1; **MANCHESTER:** 7-9 Royal Exchange Arcade. **NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE:** W. E. Harker Ltd.; **NORTHAMPTON:** Jeffery Sons Ltd.; **NORWICH:** Trevor Page Ltd.; **NOTTINGHAM:** Hopewells Ltd.; **PLYMOUTH:** E. Dingle Ltd.; **SHEFFIELD:** John Walsh Ltd.; **SOUTHSEA:** Handleys Ltd.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

OXFORDSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

The Education Committee will shortly introduce the second stage of their plan for providing one or more periods of residential education as part of the full-time education of boys and girls in secondary modern schools.

This second stage will be mainly concerned with providing an opportunity for adolescent girls between 13½ and 15 years of age to live and study together as members of a small group. There will be about 35 girls on each course which will last 3-4 weeks and be housed at a country mansion on the southern part of the Welsh border.

A realistic programme of advice, demonstration and guidance related to the needs and interests of girls of this age will be a feature of each course in addition to environmental studies and purposeful physical activity.

Applications are invited for the following full-time post from women interested in working with girls of this age and in the challenging and rewarding task of helping to equip them for their future responsibilities as young citizens and home makers:

SENIOR TUTOR – to take charge of these courses; to act as hostess; to be generally responsible through the programme for making each course a valuable experience for the girls selected to attend.

Married women with experience of girls of this age and a background of stable and successful family life may be interested. Teaching experience useful but not essential. The contract of service for this post could alternatively be from late September to May each year, excluding the school holidays at Christmas and Easter.

Salary: Burnham Scale + £240 p.a. or proportionately for months of service. Free board and lodging will be provided whilst at the centre.

Forms of application, returnable to the undersigned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement, will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

A. R. CHORLTON,
Director of Education,
County Offices, Oxford.

ESSEX

County Youth Service

Applications are invited for the post of UNATTACHED YOUTH WARDEN for duties as required at the Committee's Youth Centres, and to assist particularly in the development of the service.

Candidates should hold a Degree, Social Science Certificate/Diploma or Teacher's Certificate, and must have had experience in Youth work or teaching.

Salaries in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's scales for full-time Wardens of Youth Centres, viz: £925 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,125 p.a. plus a non-pensionable travelling allowance of £40 p.a. The scale is subject to additions for training and graduate qualifications, if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions. Previous comparable experience will be taken into account in assessing the commencing salary.

Further details and application form obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date, 15 May 1961.

ESSEX

STANFORD-LE-HOPE YOUTH CENTRE

Applications are invited for the post of WARDEN of this Centre which offers formal classes in Commercial and Craft subjects and recreational activities for over 600 members.

Candidates should hold a degree, teaching Certificate or Diploma/Certificate in Social Studies or Youth Leadership and must have had experience in Youth work and/or teaching.

Salary in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's scale for Wardens of Youth Centres, viz. £925 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,125 per annum. The scale is subject to additions for training and graduate qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions.

Further details and application forms obtainable from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 8 May 1961.

MID HERTS GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER, full-time (part-time considered) required for clinics of the Hertfordshire Child Guidance Service. Own car or loan of clinic car. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Applications to Medical Director, Orchard Gates, Hill End, St. Albans, Herts, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Senior Child Care Officers

Applications are invited for two posts of Senior Child Care Officer, APT III £960-£1,140, one in Dagenham and one in south Essex. Candidates should have professional training and good experience in child care, and should be capable of taking charge of a local office, supervising the work of less experienced staff, and undertaking a reasonable case load themselves.

Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford, not later than 19 May.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Child Care Officers

Applications are invited for appointment as Child Care Officers. Candidates should have the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or a university qualification in Social Science with experience in the child care field. Salary within the scale £665-£975; commencing salary not less than £820 for holder of Child Care Certificate. The persons appointed will be required to work from Chelmsford or from local offices in the Greater London area, and to carry out the full range of duties. Car for officer's sole use provided by the County Council. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford, not later than 19 May.

STAFFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Health Department

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKERS

Psychiatric Social Workers are required for newly established mental health centres. These centres are established initially in Stafford and Lichfield but service in any part of the county may be required. The successful candidates will be mainly employed in a growing Child Guidance Service where they will undertake the supervision and case work of parents attending the child guidance clinics. Duties may involve liaison with mental hospitals in the area and advising the Mental Welfare Officers on the more complex psychiatric problems referred to them.

Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Professional and Technical 'A' Scale. Travelling and subsistence allowances payable. Assisted car purchase scheme available in appropriate approved cases.

Applications stating age, qualifications, experience, etc. and whether or not related to any member or senior officer of the County Council, giving names and addresses of three referees, should reach the County Medical Officer of Health, County Buildings, Stafford (from whom further particulars can be obtained) as soon as possible.

T. H. EVANS,
Clerk of the County Council,
County Buildings, Stafford.

SOMERSET COUNTY COUNCIL CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of Child Care Officer. Successful candidates will be appointed to one of the Area Offices in the County and these are situated at Taunton, Yeovil, Weston-super-Mare and Midsomer Norton (near Bath). Salary dependent upon qualifications and experience on appropriate point of the Special Scale. Applicants holding the Home Office Child Care Certificate will commence at not less than £820 per annum. Ability to drive a car is essential and a car can be provided.

Letters of application giving age, qualifications, experience and previous appointments, together with the names and addresses of 3 referees to be sent as soon as possible to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Taunton.

CITIZENS' Advice Bureau Service in Central London. Social workers needed with suitable experience and qualifications for work in the Family Welfare Association's CAB service. Vacancies likely to arise in South London. Training provided during which salary paid. When trained, salary £525 x £25 to £675 p.a. Scale up to £800 p.a. for posts of special responsibility. Apply in writing to the CAB Liaison Officer, FWA, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

PROGRESSIVE Case Work Department in University City needs a trained case worker. Varied and interesting case load, and opportunity for suitably qualified person to assist in Student Training. Consideration may also be given to appointment of trainee worker with appropriate qualifications. Salary AG and FCW scale. Details from General Secretary, Leeds Council of Social Service, 6 Church Row, Leeds, 2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

LCC

NURSERY DEPUTY SUPERINTENDENT,

Kentish Town, London.

Deputy Superintendent (resident) required at St Margaret's, a residential training nursery for 74 deprived children, 0 to 5 years, who are in the Council's care. Previous residential experience essential and nursing qualifications desirable. Salary (under review) £720 x £25 to £795 – less £138 for board, lodging and laundry. Comfortable bedroom and separate sitting room or could be non-resident.

Apply to Children's Officer (WDO/N/1025/4), County Hall, SE1.

SHEFFIELD & DISTRICT CHILD ADOPTION ASSOCIATION

Applications are invited for the post of General Secretary. Candidates not under 35, with qualifications in social work. Salary according to experience and professional scale. Superannuation scheme, generous holidays, five day week, car allowance. Apply to the Chairman, Sheffield & District Child Adoption Association, 55 Norfolk St, Sheffield, 1.

NORTH WESTERN REFORM SYNAGOGUE, ALYTH GARDENS, NW11

A full-time qualified organiser who is able to assist in the administrative needs of a growing congregation and assume the responsibility of its Youth movement is required by the North Western Reform Synagogue, Alyth Gardens, NW11. Applications in writing with full particulars of experience to the Hon. Secretary.

WELFARE

ST DUNSTAN'S requires the following staff for the Welfare Department:
LADY CLERK/TYPIST able to undertake own correspondence, aged 22/35.
LADY CLERK/TYPIST for records and filing, aged 25/45.
SHORTHAND TYPIST for interesting and responsible duties.
JUNIOR SHORTHAND TYPIST to assist Personal Secretary.
Salary according to age and experience. Staff canteen. Holiday this year, by arrangement.
Apply Welfare Superintendent, St Dunstan's, 191 Marylebone Road, London, NW1.

CAPABLE PART-TIME FEMALE CLERK

required by Bailliere, Tindall & Cox Ltd, Medical and Veterinary Publishers and Booksellers, 7-8 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, WC2, for cataloguing and publicity work in their Mail Order Department. Previous experience preferable but not essential. Some typing ability necessary. 4 to 5 hours daily by agreement. Two weeks' holiday this year. Rate 5s. per hour. Ring TEMple Bar 3386.

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS)
Principal

THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY,

RICKMANSWORTH AND

SAN FRANCISCO,

CALIFORNIA,

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in History. Applications are invited for appointment to a position of Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in the Department of History. Applicants should have special interest in mediaeval or late mediaeval history. The appointee will be expected to establish a new first-year course in this field. The salary range for a Lecturer is £A1,750/75/2,350 per annum and for a Senior Lecturer £A2,450/100/2,950 per annum with superannuation similar to FSSU in both cases. The appointee will be expected to take up duty during the third academic term which commences on 28 August 1961. It is important that intending applicants obtain details of the procedure to be followed in applying for the post and a copy of the Conditions of Appointment, before submitting their applications. This information is available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 May 1961.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide. The University invites applications for the following three appointments: 1. Lecturer in Education. Applicants should be graduates, with a postgraduate qualification in education. It is hoped to appoint someone with a special interest in the history of education. 2. Lecturers (2) in Geography. The University seeks one lecturer whose special interests lie in Economic Geography and another whose special interests lie in Biogeography and/or Cartography. Salary Scale: £A1,675-95-2,340, with superannuation on the FSSU basis. The initial salary within the scale may be fixed in accordance with the successful candidate's qualifications and experience. General Conditions of Appointment and a statement about the posts may be had on application to the Registrar or to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Any further information desired will gladly be supplied on application to the Registrar. Applications, in duplicate and giving the information listed in the final paragraph of the general conditions of appointment, should reach the Registrar, The University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than 15 June 1961.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer in Economics. Applications are invited for the abovementioned post. The salary will be £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 15 June 1961.

GOVERNMENT of Aden. Vacancy for Labour Relations Officer. Candidates, men only, preferably between 40 and 50, must have experience of Trade Union organisations and negotiating procedures and of the operation of Whitley Councils. Experience as Secretary to either a Trade Union or Employers Organisation and of Government and Local Government organisation and administration desirable. Post on Contract/gratuity terms. Salary in scale £1,067 to £2,004 inclusive. Quarters at low rental. Free passages and medical attention. Outfit and Children's Education allowances. Tour of service 18-24 months. Low income tax. Generous home leave. Further particulars and application forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD.89/2/013/A4. Candidates should state their full names when applying.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the full-time post of Assistant in the Research Section of the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. The person appointed will be expected to take part in a study of community health services. Experience in the health services of local authorities would be an advantage. The vacancy is in either Grade II (which carries the status of Assistant Lecturer) or Grade III. The salary scales are as follows: Grade II – £800 to £950 per annum; Grade III – £675 to £725 per annum. Applications should be sent not later than 8 May 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

ASSOCIATION of Universities of the British Commonwealth. Applications are invited from men and women graduates for the post of Graduate Assistant in the Publications and Information Section in the London office of the Association. Experience in office, library or publishing desirable; preferred age 25-30. Salary range £860 x £50 – £1,010 per annum with FSSU superannuation (child allowance also available). A paper containing further information and particulars of method of application may be obtained from the Secretary of the Association, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (telephone EUSton 8572). The closing date for receipt of applications is 17 May.

THE National Hospitals for Nervous Diseases, Maida Vale Hospital, W9. Chartered Physiotherapists are urgently required at Maida Vale Hospital, which offers excellent experience in all branches of Neurology. Salary and conditions in accordance with the Whitley Council Scale. Applications in writing, with the names of two referees, to be sent to The Secretary to the Board of Governors, Maida Vale Hospital, W9.

ASSISTANT Housemothers (not under 19 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £35 per month rising to £44 10s. less valuation of emoluments. Write: Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

FULL-time representative reqd to call on offices, introducing a new service. Some leads but mostly canvassing. Mainly central London area. Basic wage plus commission. Holiday arrangements honoured. Interviews London, W1. Write fullest details: Box 2523.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

UNIVERSITY College of the West Indies. Applications are invited for the Chair of Government. Applicants should have a special interest in, or experience of, Public and Social Administration Development Schemes. Duties to be assumed on 1 October 1961, or as soon as possible thereafter. Salary in range £2,600-£3,600 p.a., plus local allowance of £250 p.a. (pensionable) and £200 p.a. entertainment allowance. Child allowance. FSSU. Unfurnished accommodation at rental of 10% of basic salary. Up to five full passages on appointment, normal termination, and triennial study leave. Detailed applications (8 copies) naming three referees by 15 May 1961 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Social Administration. Salary on a scale £800 to £950 per annum, with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 22 May 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

BBC requires Producer/Programme Assistant in School Broadcasting (Sound). Duties include planning, preparation and production of music programmes, in particular for Primary Schools. Applicants should have a lively interest in possibilities of broadcasting in this field, together with sound musicianship and professional standards of judgment. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms and further particulars (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 71.G.170 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

LONDON County Council. Architect's Department. Grade II (£1,250-£1,500) and Grade III (£830-£1,250) vacancies for Research Assistants in Town Development Division with experience and/or qualifications of Demographic, Social and Economic studies in connection with planning and designing of Town Expansion projects. Also in the same Grades vacancies for assistants for planning and analysis of traffic studies. Forms (returnable by 13 May 1961) and particulars from Hubert Bennett, FRIBA, Architect to the Council (EK/N/1052/4), County Hall, SE1.

LONDON, W8. West London College of Commerce, Airlie Gardens, W8. Required for September 1961. Three Grade B Tutors in the Department of Professional Studies. Specialists are sought in (1) Accountancy, (2) Law or Economics and (3) Shorthand and Typewriting. Salary within range £738-£1,486; commencing salary and maximum dependent on training, qualifications and experience. Application forms from the Secretary to be returned within two weeks to the Principal. Please quote (FE.3a/6/1013/4).

MIDDLESEX County Council – County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd. for pre & after-care in Community Care Service. Adequate office accom. & clerical assistance available. Scope for individual interest in developing field of psychiatric social work, also opportunity for learning teaching methods of group supervision. Establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers & County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser. Case work consultation with exper. psychiatric social workers available for newly qualified. PTA quals & salary. Established. Prescribed conditions. Car allowance payable. Particulars & 2 referees to County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen St, SW1 by 5 May. (Quote F 981 NS).

ASSISTANT Male Youth Leader reqd for open mixed club Marylebone. 3 nights weekly. Refs essential. Apply Box 2420.

KING'S College Hospital, Denmark Hill, SE5. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker in the Department of Psychological Medicine. Applicants should hold the Mental Health Certificate of a recognised course of training. Salary and conditions of service according to Whitley Council Agreement. The commencing salary will be dependent upon experience and qualifications. Applications stating age and qualifications and giving full details of experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the undersigned. J. D. Banks, House Governor.

LADY required in London office to assist Personnel Administrator of the Field Department of Market Research Statisticians. The appointment is progressive and early promotion probable, suitable to the career girl over 25 years. Reply giving age, experience, (if any) stating salary required to Box 2473.

REBELS in Algeria – revolution in Cuba – but all's well in Holborn where good jobs and temporary work are plentiful at The Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, ECI (next to Gamages), HOLborn 0390.

THAMES and Hudson require Assistant Sales Manager. Top prospects and salary for right man or woman. Telephone LANgham 7596.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

SECRETARY and personal assistant to Chief Executive Officer of expanding, progressive, social service body. Versatility, and high standard of English, required. 1961 holidays granted in full, and arrangements respected. Please apply, stating experience, and salary required, to the Secretary, Electrical Industries Benevolent Association, 10 Buckingham Palace Gardens, Buckingham Palace Road, London, SW1, marking the envelope 'Appointment'.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited from women graduates, interested in educational publishing, for the post of a second Assistant Secretary to the University Press. Initially, duties will lie mainly in the publicity and sales departments. Commencing salary £500/£600 per annum with membership of the FSSU. Applications, in writing, should be sent not later than 24 May 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

GRADUATE, or person of similar standard, with first-class knowledge of German required for London office of large German chemical group to assist in the preparation of English technical literature from German originals. The immense range of products involved requires a lively and imaginative mind and the ability to absorb quickly the essentials of a number of different industries. Plse reply Box 2325.

AUSTRALIA. Applications are invited for the position of General Secretary with the YWCA Sydney. Salary (A) £1,100 p.a. consideration given passage. Experience or some knowledge social work desirable. Interview London. Apply Personnel, YWCA, 108 Baker St, W1.

'WOMAN'S Own' has a vacancy for an experienced sub-editor with a flair for quick rewriting and bright headlines and captions. Good salary. Apply in writing to the Editor, Woman's Own, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, WC2.

ASSISTANT Registrar required for Froebel Educational Institute, Grove House, Roehampton Lane, SW15. Experience in registrar's department or training college desirable, good shorthand and typing and organising ability essential. Starting salary £10 per week plus meals. Applications in writing to The Registrar, giving names and addresses of two referees.

INTERESTING senior position for woman in publicity company acting as advertisement representatives for University and other publications. The work is varied and there is no bureaucracy. Selling advertising space by letter and telephone call needs a creative mind and a good personality as well as an interest in current affairs. You can use your initiative and exploit your own ideas – and enjoy seeing the results. Apply to: Educational Publicity (Partners) Limited, 14-18 High Holborn, Lon., WC1.

CENTRAL London Music Shop requires manager. Excellent opportunity for person with initiative. Write giving full details of past career, etc. to Box 2232.

ART Gallery requires experienced dealer/salesman. Salary according to qualifications. Apply with details of experience to Box 2503.

SPECIALIST employment agency has vacancy in London for young General Assistant. Exp. of Interviewing, Public Relations work & Copy-writing helpful but not essential as training will be given, but willingness to undertake accurate record keeping is vital. Typing an adv. Box 2611.

FULL-time Nursery School Teacher wanted for small group of Blind Children, ages 3-7, attached to Child-Therapy Clinic. Apply by letter to: Mrs E. M. Mason, 21 Maresfield Gardens, NW3.

SECRETARY shorthand/typist, bi-lingual good knowledge of German and some typing. Good prospects for intelligent, sympathetic person, interested in foreign students. Write to St Giles School of Languages, 63 Oxford St, W1.

BOND Street Art Gallery reqs bilingual secretary, English and German shorthand essential. Pleas. permanent position for intelligent efficient girl. Box 2451.

SECRETARY to General Secretary, World YWCA at Geneva. £800 p.a. Must have good educational standard, secretarial experience, French & other languages. Attractive office on lakeside. Hostel accommodation probably available. Would work as member of international staff. Apply Personnel, YWCA, 108 Baker St, W1.

RECEPTIONIST/telephonist/typist, 18-25, for theatrical agents. Salary to £10. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUN. 0676.

INTELLIGENT young lady typist-clerk required by International Art Club Editions. LANgham 5987.

SECRETARY shorthand/typist, bi-lingual English/German, required by Publishing firm. Previous publishing experience desirable, but not essential. Box 2491.

TEMPORARY work in your spare time. A small firm need to collect up-to-date addresses of medium-to-good class restaurants and grocers, for circularisation at a later date. London districts only. No canvassing, but thorough combing required. Box 2540.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

CHILD Care – Assistant Matron required at Stamford House, Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, W12, a remand home and classifying centre for 100 boys up to 17 years. Duties are generally to assist the Matron and to deputise in her absence, but could be arranged to some extent to suit the preference of successful candidate for catering or other domestic fields. There will be opportunity to give child care assistance, e.g., with the observation of boys in connection with classifying work, etc. Other staff includes housemothers, cooks, needlewomen, laundrywoman, and domestics. Salary within the scale £625 x £25 – £725 less £138 for board, good single accommodation and laundry. Six weeks' leave including Bank Holidays. Apply Children's Officer, (WDO/N/1004/4). LCC, County Hall, SE1.

ITALY – English School North Italy requires energetic teacher (either sex) with degree in English. Interesting life, salary and prospects. Write Box 2463.

ST GILES School of Languages (Recognised by Ministry of Education) requires Teachers of English to foreign students. Full-time permanent posts (or temporary full-time June-October). Salary scale £675-£900 per annum. Applications in writing to: The Principal, St Giles School of Languages, 63 Oxford St, W1.

LECTURERS wanted. Occasional lectures – School Clubs, etc. Moderate fees. Experts prefd – any subject. Box 2557.

ATHLONE Press (London University publishers) require Book-keeper to take charge of simple system of production advertising, royalty accounts (no salaries, wages, PAYE, or trade accounts) and to help with general secretarial work. Applications in writing, stating salary required, to Secretary, 2 Gower Street, London, WC1.

WANTED: Personal Assistant to Secretary of Liberal Party Youth Office. Must be capable of working on own initiative. Shorthand, typing and Liberal sympathies essential. Apply, N. A. Joseph, c/o Liberal Youth Office, 58 Victoria Street, London, SW1.

A WIDE choice of interesting posts from Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

WELL-educated lady assistant wanted in Oriental Bookshop, for shop and office work. Box 2398.

PART-time secretary for inventor, 3 afternoons p.w. Interest and integrity essential. RIV. 6900.

TWO overworked directors of humble but essential business (Bread and Cheesecakes) require help in deducting Graduated Pension pennies and other office chores. Four finger typing and addition an advantage. Two to three afternoons per week. Happy niche for bun-loving 'gem'. Anthony Coleson, Coleson & Co. (Bakers) Ltd, 91 Leather Lane (behind Gamages), ECI. HOL. 9081.

WRITER and Actress want congenial spirit to help cope with 3 children (15, 13, 5) and other animals 10 miles from anywhere (mid-Sussex). Staying power and driving ability essential. Good wages right person. Box 2524.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ITALIAN (25), car licence, private pilot's licence, just returned from South America seeks job. Anything legal considered. Box 2544.

LEGAL Adviser to international concern (42) having reached summit of promotion and salary, seeks a mountain more pleasing and profitable. Box 2615.

YOUNG man, 28, with expectant wife urgently sks work. Univ. education (Maths and Physics). 4 yrs' teaching. Good writer, speaker. Good knowledge of politics and current affairs. Try anything. Box 2591.

2 Quick-witted Psychology students want job, 26 June-19 August. Can drive; anything considered. Box 2413.

GIRL 19 wishes to go abroad Apr.-Oct. before Univ. Do anything. Box 2445.

OXFORD grad. Hist. (f.) 24, teacher – Canada & top comprehensive, seeks post wider interest, public relations, personnel. Box 2547.

GIRL, 23, adaptable, reqs work now until end September. Fluent French, experienced travel, children, clerical work. Anything considered. Box 2510.

INTELLIGENT, responsible young man, widely travelled, bi-lingual English-German, good French, some Spanish, seeks int. job London area. Translator/Interpreter, Publishing, Travel Agency, etc. Years office experience. Box 2358.

HELLENOPHILE, 41, Scottish with Greek wife, would welcome information on any position entailing residence in Greece. Managerial, administrative, commercial travel experience. Box 2281.

CAMBRIDGE grad. (History), 22, sks posn with publishing firm. Box 2579.

EXECUTIVE national organisation (31), much travelled, decorated for bravery, wide & varied exper., now landlocked where promotion remote and future remuneration unattractive. Any offers for energy, initiative and intelligence? Salary excess four figures. Prospects to satiate ambition. Box 2616.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—contd

STUDENTS' welfare – English-educated Indian widow sks position Welfare/Hostel/Club among overseas students. Part-time acceptable. Any reas. salary. Box 2470.

WHERE TO STAY

THE CLIFTON HOTEL EASTBOURNE

Comfortable Hotel. Passenger lift to all floors. Hot & cold water. Fires in all rooms. Reduced prices for children. Cocktail Lounge and fully licensed bars. Restaurant and Grill room. Garage adjacent. 5 minutes from sea. Brochure with pleasure from Resident Manager, Clifton Hotel, South St. Tel. Eastbourne 327

WEST Cornwall. In fishing village. 7 gns weekly. Food home-cooked. Own boat, Lambourn, Mousehole. Tel. Mousehole 236.

COTSWOLDS. Simple country house in lovely valley. 7/8 gns. Whitsun from 25s. daily. Reduction early holidays. Also small furnished cottage. 'Steanbridge', near Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2093.

PEMBROKESHIRE village, beautiful country. Bed/breakfast, double room. Use of sitting-room. Dawkins, 5 The Green, Llangwm, Haverfordwest.

SALCOMBE. Old stone cottage overlkg creek, comfortably modernised, well equipped for 6. No Aug. vacs. Box 2515.

SUSSEX. Glyndebourne visitors and others welcome 18th Cent. Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rms, b'fast. Tel. 3773.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse Beautiful & remote position Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Mod. comfort, good food & fires. Friendly & informal, 7-8 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 566.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House. The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch., Mr & Mrs N. Lusby, VCA Mems. Tel. 508.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 426.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country 5s. posted N. S. Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

THE Brickwall Hotel, Sedlescombe, Sussex. A picturesque old house, now a comfortable warm well-run Hotel in terraced garden fronting village green. Good motoring centre for SE England, only 55 miles London. AA, RAC. Excellent food, well-chosen wines. Tel.: Sedlescombe 253.

MIDHURST district. A quiet country holiday off beaten track, no traffic, no crowds. Putting, billiards, Badminton AA, RAC. 4 acres grounds. Southdown Hotel, Trotton, nr Petersfield. Rogate 93.

LOOE, Cornwall, beautiful sea views. B. & b. Children & pets welcome. 'Holcombe', Listowel Drive, East Looe.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Guests welcomed Old Manor, woods, own farm, secluded, near sea. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

RYE, Sussex. Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive a few guests. Rye 2207.

RECULVER Lodge (NS), Beltinge, Kent. Holidays. Weekends. Sea. Country. Licensed. Always open.

THE most dependable guide to good eating in Gt Britain is the new edition of 'The Good Food Guide' 1961/62, edited by Raymond Postgate from recommendations by Good Food Club members, published by Cassell, 7s. 6d., from all booksellers. 'Postgate is incorruptible. It is now possible to go round Britain on his back' - John Freeman, 'New Statesman'.

VISITORS to London should stay at 98 Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, W8. Central, comfortable. Bed & breakfast: single 18s. 6d., double 30s. Phone BAY. 5985.

CORNISH Riviera. Extra accommodation now further restorations are completed in charming Queen Anne Glebe Country House on famous Roseland Peninsular. H. & c. Inner springs all bedrms. Good food and hospitality, mod. tariff. Portscatho 205.

WALES. Country house accommodation overlooking Carmarthen Bay between Laugharne and Pendine. Good table. H. & c. all rooms. Terms 8 gns. Broadway Mansion, Laugharne, Carms. Laugharne 225.

IRELAND. Paying guests taken 15 July to 13 Aug. Country hse nr sea, beautiful surrndgs, home produce. 9 gns wkly incl., special terms family parties. J. Proby, Ballyraine House, Arklow, Co. Wicklow.

ROME, quiet central. Artist offers charming room, h. & c., balcony, res. hskpr, some meals. 5th flr, lift, mod. Box 2480.

ROTHENEUF (St Malo) Brittany. Pension Yvonne, from 36s. (June 31s.). Sandy beaches. Bthg from hotel. Engl. refs.

REMOVALS & EXPORT PACKING

PACKING, Shipping and Household Removals. Estimates free. Bonners, Welling, Kent. Dial BEXleyheath 5751.

PERSONAL

TELEVISION WRITING SCHOOL
is training writers in the techniques of TV on behalf of ITV companies. Let us train you to write Drama, Comedy, Serials, etc.
Apply: TV Writing School, Dept. 404, 14 Sackville Street, W1, or phone REGent 0721.

WANTED by impoverished musician: gd grand piano pref. German. Box 2585.

MIDDLE-aged independent lady offered room, share kitchen and bathroom in Clapton flat in exchange 5 hours help weekly with light housework. Box 2554.

MOTHER with child aged 4 seeks young woman in similar situation to find & share flat, Notting Hill Gate area, and baby-sitting arrangements. Box 2535.

MAY/June, July, au pair mainly baby-sit., some help in return board & keep. Jaffe, 45 Lodge Ave, Elstree. Phone 2536.

GIRL stud. 18, reqs interesting vac. employment, home/abroad. Box 2574.

GERMAN boy, 16, professional family Hamburg, desires exchange visit July/August with English boy or girl. Details: Culliford, 127 The Grove, London, W5.

WHITSUN Festival (19-23 May) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon: 'Spirit & Society'; 26-29 May: 'The Individual in the Community'.

DO you paint good pictures? Do you want to sell them? S.a.e. Box 2530.

MENTON 6 miles. S/c. furnished flat for 4 on Italian Riviera, 100 yards sea. Same sun, same Mediterranean, cost much lower. Not August. Box 2536.

FOR Israeli boy, aged 13, summer camp, school or holiday home wanted for July and August to learn English, play tennis, ride. Full particulars to Box 2550.

PLEASE look up Gala Ball under Entertainments Column.

INFORMAL Music Group. Players invited, quartets, etc. HAM. 8109 evngs/wkends.

ARE 12 people interested in forming informal Jewish group for discussion and entertainment? Box 2276.

STUDENT, trained teacher (f.), reqs work in London, June-Sept. Box 2409.

HUMAN being wtd share cheap cottage. Carey, 2 Avon Rd, Malmesb'y, Wilts.

CLIMBER (m.) wishes to meet two others with view to attempting climbs of difficult and mild severe grades in Skye in June. Transport and caravan available. Phone EALing 6339 evening.

MARY is a bonny 12-year-old with two great handicaps – she is alone in the world and is mentally backward. She is at a boarding school for handicapped children near Broadstairs, and will have to stay there throughout each school holiday. It seems that she is doomed never to know again what normal family life is like; that is unless there is a family somewhere who will take her into their home during school holidays. Miss Beckett, the Area Children's Officer at 206 Goldhawk Road, London, W12, will give you further information (including details of generous maintenance allowances paid) if you might be able to help. Please quote (WDO/S/1054/4).

PROF. woman (30's) seeks similar, view find & share large unfurnished flat (5 rooms, k. & b?) on fairly detached basis. (Pref. SE London.). Box 2434.

QUIET man, 60, (sm. income) willing be homely help in country. Box 2435.

SUMMER Holidays for backward children at Bexhill-on-Sea. Write for brochure to Mrs Frances Edwards, 120 Balham Park Road, SW12.

WANTED, girl or couple assist in running country house with smallholding. Wildi, Moons Mill, Hadlow Down, Sussex.

CARAVAN for sale 4-berth. Needs small attent. Tows well. £45. BEC. 4796.

SPAIN, nr Barcelona, villa to let, sleep 8, July and Sept. Box 1845.

PERSONAL—continued

NOT wanted: playable Kaps grand piano. Any offers? Reserved price 15s. Box 2586.

FREEDOM From Hunger. Africa will be the main subject of this year's Oxfam Summer Conference to which you are invited – at St Peter's College, Oxford (24 to 29 July); Speakers will include 'Flying Doctor' Neil Duncan; Alec Dickson of VSO (Britain's own Peace Corps) and Arthur Gaitskell, CMG. Full board fee £9 10s. (students £6). Details from Hon. Richard Hill, Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, Oxford.

YOUNG scriptwriter seeks new friends esp. for weekends/holiday, and any interested in Arts, climbing, riding, motorcycling, countryside or sea. Box 2330.

ULTRA-modern luxury villa facing sea – Santa Pollensa, Majorca. Accomm. 8. Vacant 16-30 May. £15 p.w. Box 2492.

CONVERSATION Pieces. A new 12 in. disc (JUR.00A4 price 39s.) just issued containing nineteen poems for two or more voices by Auden, Cavafy, Graves, Plomer, etc. The 12 readers include Jill Balcon, Rachel Gurney, Robert Eddison, Osian Ellis, and C. Day Lewis. From leading retailers or direct from Jupiter Recordings Ltd, 188A Clapham High St, SW4.

LARGE family house, Central England. Ideal for foreign student groups (20-30). Visits country, theatres, factories etc. arranged on request. Available 22 July-20 August. Box 2318.

CHILDREN in our hands, hungry, lost, frightened. They have eaten earth and grass. From hiding in caves they are now being nourished, sheltered and educated in two orphanages near Tunis. We need £9,000 a year to maintain 140 boys and 60 girls, Algerian Refugee children. Please support this work of mercy and send to: Rt Hon. James Griffiths, War on Want, 9 Madeley Rd, London, W5. Gifts of old jewellery greatly help.

ENVELOPE addressing service – orders up to 10,000 ready in 4 days, 50,000 8 days, Odyssey Press, 42 Vine Road, East Molesey, Surrey. Phone MOL. 1534.

TERMS of very special interest to NS readers. If you part exchange your old radio or TV for a transistor set, tape recorder or television from Greene & Cooper Ltd, 211 Kenton Road. WOR. 9660. All leading makes including Ekco, Pye, Ferguson, Ferrograph, Telefunken, Grundig, Philips. With after sales service.

FOREIGN Languages on Records. French, Italian, Spanish, German, Russian. Complete courses from 30s. (tape £4 9s.). Basic vocabulary EPs 7s. 6d. Data-Guide plastic reference charts on languages, mathematics, medicine, etc. 7s. 6d. Free trial. No deposit. Details from BBS (Dept NS), 10 Bayley Street, London, WC1.

ALCHEMY, 1961 version. Turn old gold into food and medical aid for refugees and famine stricken. Broken jewellery, spectacle frames, watches, dentures, pens, have already raised £15,000. Send all you can find (any saleable articles equally welcome) to: Gift Aid, Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, 17 Broad Street, Oxford.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St, Harley St, London, W1. Phone MUSeum 8923 also at Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

NORWEGIAN Furn. & Designs. Overgaard, 31 Connaught St, W2. AMB 8209.

SLIM in pleas. surroundings. Vapour steam baths, massage, slimming couch treatments, steam facials, electrolysis. Elizabeth Morley, 69 Cromwell Rd, SW7. FRE. 0950.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 Kings Rd, SW3 Sloane Sq KEN 7201. Club attached

SHORT Story Writing for Profit. The ideal hobby. Interesting prospectus free. The Regent Institute (S/191), Palace Gate, W8

DOMESTICS Unlimited (ACY) for reliable cleaners & babysitters. CUN. 0461.

PRINTING at less cost than duplicating, even short runs, even when illustrated – and at what speed! William Kempner Ltd, 36 Brooke St, EC1. CHA. 3588.

WIN £100 in easy Letter Competition. Other cash prizes. Send for Free Entry Form – plus Free N 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. Read how to write for profit with No Sales – No Fees training. Free 'Writer' subscription, two free writing encyclopaedias. No obligation; send now. BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

HUMANISTS accept the brotherhood of all men, reject the idea of the supernatural; work for better human conditions. Write Ethical Union (Pres. Sir Julian Huxley), 13 Prince of Wales Ter., W8.

WRITE for Profit with the Premier School of Journalism Ltd, (founded 1919), 53 Fleet Street, London, EC4. If you haven't earned your fees by the time you've finished the course, you get your money back. Write to Dept 7 for free copy of 'You In Print' and details of Special Guarantee. Free market service available to students.

SHELVE the problem with String Wall furniture from Sweden. For details and list of stockists write to Swedia Imports Ltd, 322 West End Lane, London, NW6.

MRS P. Perlow, psychologist, 89 Somerton Rd, Cricklewood, NW2. GLA. 2400.

PERSONAL—continued

A. S. NEILL's view 'the happy child first happy then good' upheld by mother two-year-old able mind another child, my place or yours; mine nr Park. Poss. afternoon group. Ring evenings: Pat, WELbeck 5964.

TEENAGERS can spend Aug. in France on exchange-visits. Also few vacs for girls join holiday course at Versailles. Mrs Robertson, 51 Rue de la Harpe, Paris, 5e.

MUMBLES Head, Swansea. University lecturer hopes find tenant for quiet comfortable house, 24 June-18 Sept. Fully equipped, slps 4 plus, gdn, garage. Box 2264.

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MAY 'Labour Monthly'. Storming Heaven, R. Palme Dutt; The TUC Leadership, Dave Bowman; China's Seat in UNO, Derek Bryan. 1s. 6d. or 9s. halfyearly. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

'THE Reduction of Economic Inequality', by J. Henry Lloyd, 1s., a new analysis of this urgent social problem, from Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

ALMOST any learned & scientific journals bought and sold. Items such as Palmer's/ Official Index to The Times, Nature (before 1945), Quarterly Review, Journal of the Royal United Services Institution, Journal of The Royal Statistical Soc., Royal Society Philosophical Trans. & Procs. A & B, etc., constantly wanted. For sale: 2,000 assorted bibliographical, historical and general books at vastly reduced prices. No lists. Callers only. H. Pordes, 138 New Cavendish St, London, W1. MUSeum 5250.

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MOSCOW Film Festival, 8-24 July; Special Tour with full participation Festival programme: 17 days £135 (incl. air travel); 10 days only £110. Closing date 5 May. Apply Wayfarers Travel Agency, 20 Russell Sq., WC1 (LAN. 8222) or SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8. (WES. 1572).

S. SPAIN. Course 9-30 July. Tuition 3 hours a day. Cool, beautiful premises. Excursions. Fees, board & lodging, £8 10s. per week. Academia Britanica, Cadiz, or 35 Endell Street, WC2.

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LECTURES, etc.—contd from p.692

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 28 April, 8 p.m. J. M. C. Allen (St Catherine's College) & others: Symposium on Soviet Education. Chair: Wright Miller. Fri. 5 May, 8 p.m. Symposium Tolstoy, Dostoevsky: Prof. J. Lavrin, D. Magarshak, G. Phelps. Chair: F. F. Seeley. At French Inst., Queensberry Place, SW7. Sun. 30 April, 3 p.m. Soviet Films 'Bread and Roses', Mosfilm 1960 & newsreel.

'WRITING a Modern Biography', a lecture by Richard Ellman; author of 'James Joyce'. 'Yeats: the Man and the Mask', Professor of English, Northwestern University. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Monday, 1 May, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Lecture by Prof. P. E. Russell on 'Some Spanish Travellers in Medieval England' on 5 May at 6 p.m.

ADLERIAN Society. 'On Losing (and Using) One's Temper': E. Weissmann, MD., Tues. 2 May, 7.30 p.m. punctually, Alliance Hall, Palmer Street, SW1. Non-members welcome, 2s. 6d. Students 1s.

BETTY Ambatielos Reports from Greece. Caxton Hall, Victoria St. Sat. 29 April, 6.30 p.m., preceded by AGM of League for Democracy in Greece 4-6 p.m. Visitors welcome. Refreshments.

THE Austrian Club. Dr D. B. Halpern, Economist, will speak (in English) on 'Educated and Un-educated Democracy', with discussion. Sat. 29 April, 7.15 p.m. Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, WC2.

IIWC Public Lecture. Free. O. K. Ghosh: 'Tagore: his life, his works and his significance'. (Illus.). 8.30 Fri. 5 May. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

RAVENNA Mosaics. Illustrated lecture by Eustace Remnant – cancelled owing to illness. Stella Mary Pearce will give an illustrated lecture on Hogarth's 'Marriage à la Mode'. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (nr Sadlers Wells). 8 p.m. Tues., 2 May (arranged Finsbury Art Group). Non-members 1s. 6d.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 30 Apr. – E. Royston Pike, JP, Mill's 'Representative Government' Then and now. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads, Thurs. 4 May, 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Attributes of God'.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 30 April, 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Paths to Knowledge': David Tribe.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Special Public Meeting at Caxton Hall, SW1, Mon., 1 May, 6.30 p.m., to celebrate Wesak – Anniversary of the Buddha's Enlightenment. Also Saturday, 6 May, 3 p.m., Children's Class. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: TAT. 1313.

'ALWAYS on a Sunday': for details of Progressive League activities in May, send s.a.e. to Lobstein, Jordans, Bucks.

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GRESHAM College, Basinghall St, London, EC2. Tel. MONarch 2433. Four lectures by Mr Thurston Dart, MA, ARCM. (Lecturer in Music in the University of Cambridge) on 'Early English Keyboard Music' on Mon. to Thurs. 1 to 4 May. The lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

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DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Art Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS—contd

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ARTIST sks studio accommodation, London. Furn./unfurn., to sleep 2 or more. Prepared convert/decorate. Box 2359.

CANADIAN family, musicians, require ground-floor flat in London area, for about 8 months. From June. Box 2383.

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Further particulars may be obtained from the Assistant Registrar (Commerce and Social Science), The University, Birmingham, 15, to whom applications should be sent before 10 June 1961.

ST WINIFRED'S, Llanfairfechan, North Wales Coast. Woodard School. Midland Division. A half-fee, a £100 and an £80 scholarship, and others of smaller value, will be awarded on the result of an examination to be held on 17 and 18 May. All particulars and Entrance Forms from the Head Mistress, to whom these must be returned by 11 May

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THEATRES

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INSTITUT Français, Queensberry Place, SW7. KEN. 6211. Fri., 28 Apr. & Mon., 1 May at 8.15 p.m. Sat., 29 Apr. at 3 p.m. 'Huis Clos' by Sartre.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745, 7.30, Thurs. & Sat. 2.30. 'Altona' by Sartre.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. S. 5, 8. 'Glory Be', Irish musical.

TOWER. (CAN. 3475, 9-6, CAN. 5111, 6-8.30): Strindberg's 'The Father' dir. by George Coulouris. 5, 6 (Mems. 7), 10, 11, 12, 13 May at 7.30.

20TH Century Theatre, Kensington. 'The Rose Tattoo' by Tennessee Williams. 25-27 May. Advance booking: SHO. 6758 (9 to 5.30), BAY. 5853 (Evg.).

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'The Affluent Athenian', new satire by Derek Hall, Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'Romeo and Juliet' by William Shakespeare, 7.30 p.m. 1 & 2 May. Adm. free.

CONCERTS

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LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Fantasia on a Theme of Thomas Tallis – Vaughan Williams; Chamber Symphony (world première) – John Mayer; Enigma Variations – Elgar.

Tickets (2s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. & 10s. 6d.) now on sale. KEN. 8212 & TCCC, 31a John Adam St, WC2. TRA. 6465, TRA. 2110 & FLE. 1821 and usual agents.

MARY Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Saturday, 6 May, 7.30 p.m. Works by Bach, Blow, Purcell, Rosenmüller, Vivaldi, also Suite for Pipes by Elizabeth Poston. Ilse Wolf (soprano), Norman Platt (baritone), Joan Dickson ('Cello), Choir, Orchestra, Conductor: Bergmann. Tkts 4s. fm Registrar or at door.

CONCERTS—continued

ASIAN MUSIC CIRCLE
President: Yehudi Menuhin

(1) Weekly (Thursdays) Lecture-Recitals on Asian Music and Dances, at 7 p.m. at 38 Russell Sq., WC1 – 4 May, East-West Music & the Future. Denis Gray Stoll. Admission 2s. 6d.

(2) Asian Music & Dance Academy – Classes to teach Dances (Bharat Natyam, Kathak, etc.), the Sitar, Tabla and Singing, Tagore Songs.

(3) Detailed information re. Membership, Main Concerts, & Seminars from the Director, AMC, 18 Fitzalan Road, London, N3 (Tel.: FINchley 2934).

NEW York Philharmonic - Symphony Orchestra; recording of a recent broadcast concert of works by Gluck, Franchetti and Copland. Guest conductor: Aaron Copland. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Tuesday, 2 May, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

MUSIC of the American Civil War, I: the Union, a cantata on the Music of the North, 1861-65, by Richard Bales. Recorded at the National Gallery of Art, Washington. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 4 May, 12.30 p.m. Admission free.

ENTERTAINMENTS

early hitchcock
and
British thrillers of
the thirties
Ring
NATIONAL FILM THEATRE
WAT. 3232/33

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). The Bolshoi Co. in Tchaikovsky's 'Eugene Onegin' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 30 Apr.: 'The Third Man' (A). From 1 May: The Marius Trilogy: 'Marius' (A).

LONDON Overseas Students present a Gala Ball in the Royal Festival Hall on Friday, 19 May from 11 p.m. to 5 a.m. Dancing to five bands; international cabaret. Tickets: 55s. double including Buffet and Table Reservations. Apply: Students' Union, Northern Polytechnic, Holloway Road, London, N7. NOR. 1686, Ext. 28.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Press announce a new publication: Ochteveldt, The Music Lesson. £3 13s. 10d. on show at 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. Catalogue 2s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Nigel Henderson – Photographs – Paintings – Collages. Until 20 May. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

NATIONAL Art Treasures from Korea. Arts Council exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 7 May. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tue., Thur. 10-8; Sun. 2.30-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

GERMAN Book Exhibition, Royal Festival Hall, 25 April-5 May. Daily (incl. Sundays) 2 p.m. to 10 p.m. Admission free.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1. Until 4 May. Painting Collages by Lorri, including illustrations for Christopher Fry's 'A Sleep of Prisoners', 'The Dark is Light Enough', 'Curtmantle'. 10-6, S. 9.30-1

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Edmond Kapp: a retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1911-1961. 20 April to 19 May inclusive. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

AGNEW Gallery, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. Drawings of Italy by Vanvitelli. 9.30-5.30. Saturdays 9.30-1.0.

CONTEMPORARY Yugoslav Paintings & Sculpture. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 28 May. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues Thurs 10-8; Sun 2-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St. W1. 10-5, Sats 10-12. Ten Sculptors and paintings by Tadé.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. HYD. 6195. 'Kandinsky – The Road to Abstraction'. Adm. 2s. 6d., students 1s. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

MOLTON Gallery. William Turnbull: Sculpture. 19 April-6 May. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Flowers, decoration or more? – Paintings of the 19th and 20th century. Weekdays 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 8 May: Sculptures by Bloc; Paintings by Pillet.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Dubuffet – Fautrier – Mathieu – Poliakoff: Paintings. Until 13 May. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Henry Israel. 10-5.30. Thurs 10-1. Saturday 10-7.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent sculpture: Denis Mitchell. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

CAMBRIDGE. Paintings by Peter Barton. 5 Fitzwilliam Street (opp. Mus.), Sat.-Sun. 29-30 Apr. 10-5. Adm. free.

UMBRELLA Club, 97 Little Park Street, Coventry. 'A New Kind of Brightness' – paintings by John Bowstead & Roger Jeffs. 8 p.m. daily till 13 May.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAY 4419. Muiden: tapestries woven on the Roman looms in Syracuse Albert Garrett: paintings on end grain box wood. 17 April-6 May. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Pntgs: Alistair Grant. Until 6 May.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker - Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq W1

LECTURE AND MEETINGS

RABINDRANATH TAGORE,
The Nobel prizewinner, as a humanist, musician, philosopher, artist and man.

FRIDAY, 5 MAY (7-9.30 p.m.): HE MRS VIJAYA LAKSHMI PANDIT, PAUL ROBESON, Dr J. C. Ghosh, Miss Dorothy Woodman, Miss Freda Swain.

SATURDAY, 6 MAY (3.30-6 p.m.): Dr John Lewis, Dr Arthur Geddes, Dr N. S. Junankar, Dr Arnold Baké, DENNIS STOLL.

SATURDAY, 6 MAY (7.30-9.30 p.m.): T. N. KAUL (Dy High Commissioner), JACK LINDSAY, RICHARD CHURCH, MRS RAJESWARI (VASUDEV) DUTTA (India's famous Tagore Singer).

MAHATMA GANDHI HALL, 41 Fitzroy Square, W1. (nearest tube Warren Street, Portland Square). Admission Free. Refreshments available.

Further enquiries Tagore Centenary Celebration Committee (Seminar Committee), 31a John Adam St, WC2.

PROTEST AGAINST NUCLEAR MADNESS
Sat. 29 April 1961
MEETING Trafalgar Square, 2 p.m.
Speakers: Rev. Michael Scott, Douglas Brewood, Bayard Rustin.
ASSEMBLY and SIT-DOWN
Parliament Square, 3 p.m.-6 p.m.
COMMITTEE OF 100
13 Goodwin Street, N4.

THE role of the lawyer in American Labour Relations', a talk by John Correll, United States Labour Attache, arranged by the Industrial Law Society. Room 105, Royal Courts of Justice, Wed., 3 May, 6.15 p.m. Admission free.

THE Sacrifice that Builds'. Public lecture. 30 April, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—contd

LONDON NLR CLUB
LITERATURE STUDY GROUP.
SUMMER PROGRAMME,
CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE
4 May. Amis – 'Take a Girl like You'. John Wilkes.
11 May. To be announced.
18 May. McInnes – 'Absolute Beginners'. Yvonne Redman.
25 May. Golding – 'Free Fall'. Dorothy Barnes.
1 June. Williams – 'Border Country'. Graham Martin.
8 June. Heinemann – 'The Adventurers'. Alex Pirani.
15 June. Arden – 'Sergeant Musgrave's Dance'. Maurice Butterworth.
22 June. D. J. Enright's Poetry. Douglas Barnes.
29 June. To be announced.
All these Thursday Meetings in Partisan Basement, 7 Carlisle St, W1, at 8 p.m.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Freedom, Fair Hearing, and Administration' will be delivered by Professor F. C. Newman (California) at 5 p.m. on 4 May at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St, Aldwych, WC2. Adm. free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Unification of Patent Legislation on the European Market' will be delivered by Dr F. Neumeyer (Sweden) at 5 p.m. on 9 May at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2. Admission free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Uber die Grenzen des Verstehens mittelalterlicher Dichtung' will be delivered by Professor Ingeborg Schröbler (Free University of Berlin) at 5.30 p.m. on 3 May at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. The lecture will be delivered in German. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

GEORGE Brown, James Callaghan, Denis Howell, speak at Campaign for Democratic Socialism Demonstration, Thursday, 4 May, 7.30 p.m. Caxton Hall. Tickets 1s. 2d. (inc. postage) from 27a Red Lion Street, WC1. (HOLborn 3587).

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Tony Parker on 'Habitual Criminals – their Problems and Ours', Wed. 3 May, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d.

'PRINCIPAL Elements of US Policy Towards Underdeveloped Countries', a lecture by Arnold Rivkin, Director, African Economic & Political Development Project, Centre for International Studies, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook St entrance, Wednesday, 3 May, 6.30 p.m. Adm. free.

CONTROLLING the Commanding Heights of the Economy – Rt Hon. Harold Wilson, MP, speaks at Conference organised by the London Co-operative Society Political Committee on 27 May, at NUR Assembly Hall, Euston Road, NW1. Questions and discn. Credentials (1s. each: state organisation) from Frank Beswick, Pioneer House, 348 Grays Inn Road, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Friday 28 April, 6.30 p.m. 'Oscar Wilde', a talk by Richard Ellman (author of 'James Joyce', 'The Identity of Yeats'): he is one of America's most brilliant young literary scholars and a skilled public speaker. Members 2s. Non-members 3s. 6d.

GEN. Zion. Org. of Gt Brit. (in conjct with London Jew. Grad. Ass.) John Connell on 'Some Christian Friends of Zionism'. In the chair: Col. R. Meinertzhagen, DSO. Monday 1 May 8 p.m. sharp, Allied Circle, 46 Green St, W1. (nr Marble Arch). Adm. free, vis. welc. Hon. Sec. Mrs Allen. SPE. 3328.

BERLIOZ – an Appreciation. The New Jewish Society, in the Simon Marks Room, YWCA, Baker St, W1, on Wed. 3 May at 8 p.m.

SHAW Society. Friday 28 April at National Book League, Albemarle St, at 7 p.m., Joint Meeting with H G Wells Society. Dr L. E. C. Hughes, 'Wells and The World Encyclopaedia'.

LECTURES, etc.—contd on p.691

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